FREE INSIDE: GIANT DOUBLE-SIDED FULL KOLOUR POSTER

No 233 April 8, 1989 95p £1.45 Eire

KERRANG!

BLACK TO THE FUTURE

IAN GILLAN
ANNIHILATOR
SOUNDGARDEN
LAWNMOWER DETH
NUCLEAR ASSAULT
BAY AREA THRASH

SABBATH AT THE HEADLESS CROSSROADS

STEVE VAI JOINS WHITESNAKE!

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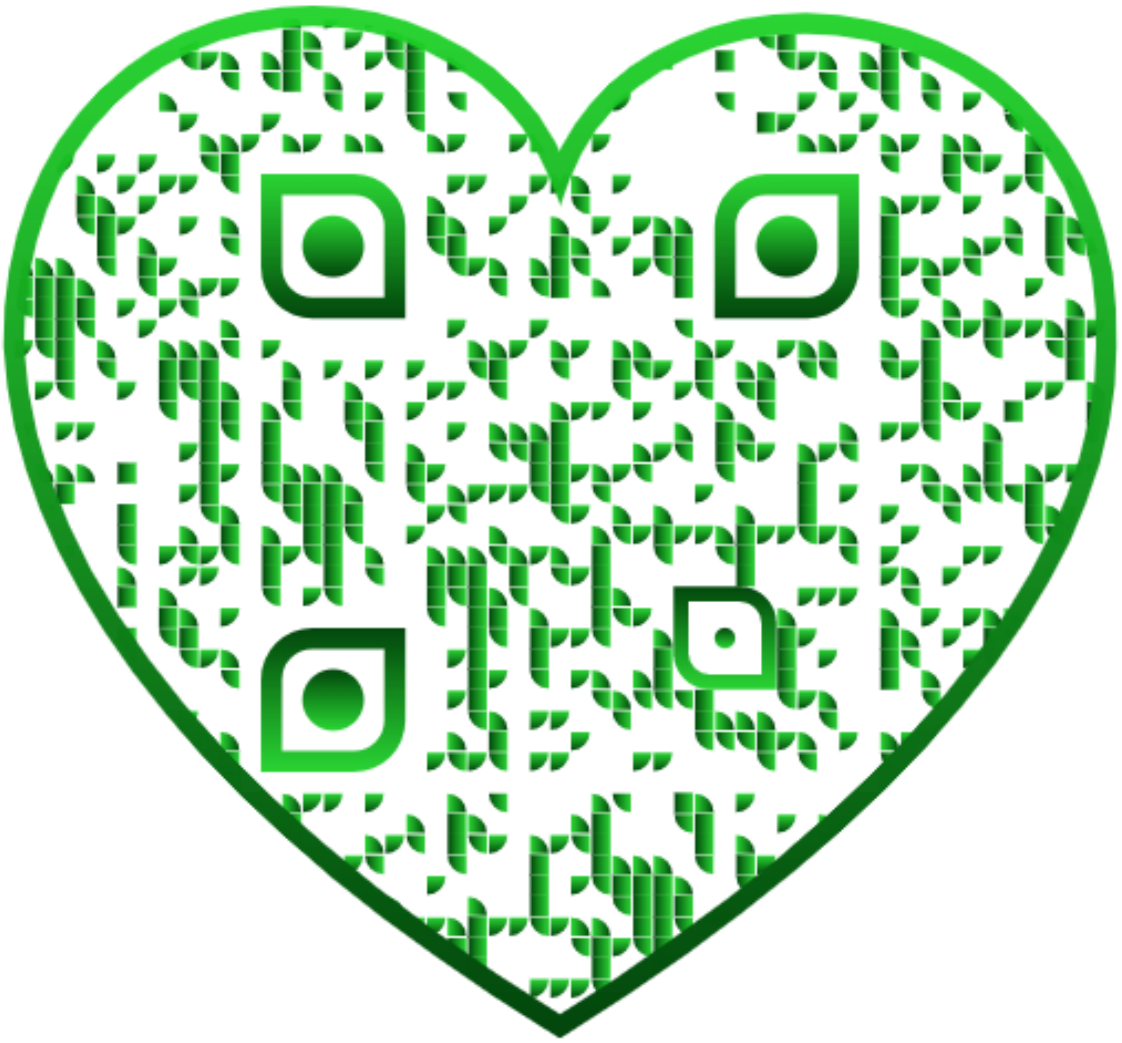
ROCKIN' READERS' POLL PIN-UP

JON BON JOVI / LORRAINE LEWIS

TONY IOMMI of BLACK SABBATH: pic George Bodnar



MAYHEM

Steve Vai: Coverdale's 'Flex-Able' friend!

■ *IN ANOTHER sensational line-up change,* ***Whitesnake*** *have recruited star American guitarist* ***Steve Vai*** *to the band – as exclusively predicted in* Kerrang! *issue 230.*

Vai signed on the dotted line last week and has already begun recording guitar parts for the latest Whitesnake album, due for release early this Summer on the EMI label.

However, Vai is contributing to the new 'Snake LP whilst ensconsed at his own studio in his California home, with ***Mike Clink*** *– of* ***Guns N' Roses*** *fame – producing the guitar tracks.*

The early part of the album's recording by the rest of Whitesnake was undertaken in Canada with producer ***Bruce Fairbairn.***

Steve Vai will also maintain his own manager and publicist, and continue to work on a new solo album, which he began after the completion of ***David Lee Roth****'s recent tour. This will be Vai's third solo effort, and seems likely to continue the '****Flex-Able****' theme of his previous releases, both of which emerged on the guitarist's own Akashi label.*

Vai is said to have parted company with Roth on 'friendly terms', and Roth is currently keeping a low profile until his long-awaited movie project is ready. At present it's unclear as to whether the two parties will work together again in the future.

It's also unclear if Vai's new Whitesnake guitar compadre ***Adrian Vandenberg*** *will play on the new album, as a current rumour suggests that he has a 'problem with his hands' and can't play properly at the moment!*

The Whitesnake camp have made no official statement on the acquisition of Vai as yet, although ***David Coverdale*** *had this to say on the new, as yet untitled, album:*

"I'm inspired by it. The new record is the most complete piece of work I've ever been involved with."

Vai's joining is quite a coup for Coverdale, who's known to have been chasing after his guitar wizardry for some time.

STEVE VAI: *he parted with David Lee Roth on 'friendly terms'*

Pic Ross Halfin

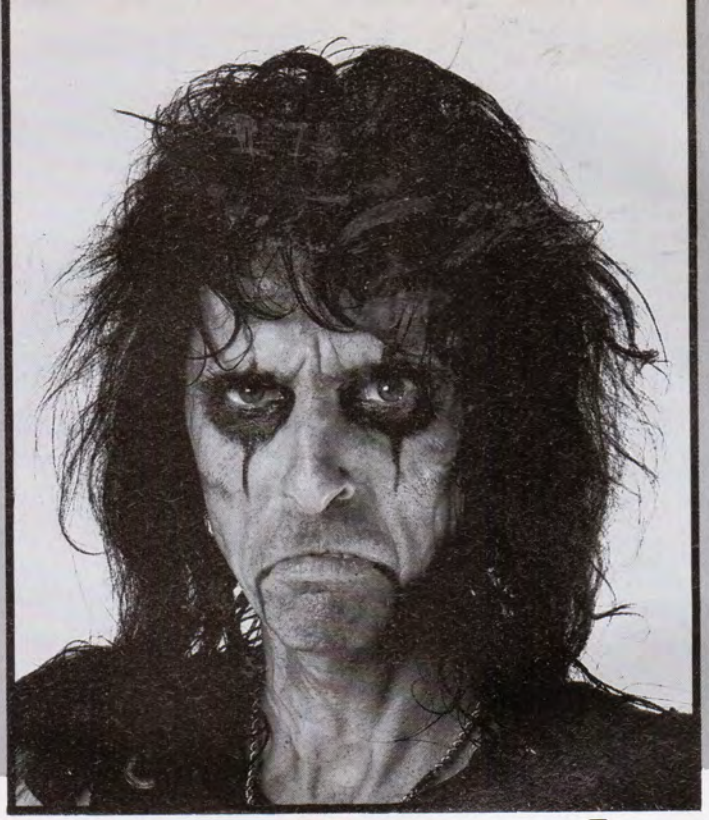
■ **THE CULT** will release their latest album, **'Sonic Temple'**, on the Beggars Banquet label on April 10.

Produced by **Bob Rock** in Vancouver, the album features session drummer **Mickey Curry**. The Cult have yet to line up a full-time replacement for departed skinsman **Les Warner**.

■ US AOR stars **Nightranger** have officially split up, after releasing what turned out to be their last album, **'Man In Motion'**, last Autumn.

The plans of former members are tentative at present, although **Brad Gillis** and **Jack Blades** look set to put a new outfit together later this year.

■ THE RELEASE of **Sepultura**'s 'Beneath The Reamins' album has now been delayed until May 1 on the Roadrunner label. This is due to 'production problems'.



Alice Cooper in 'no gore' shock!

■ *GODFATHER OF gore* ***Alice Cooper*** *is currently mixing his new album, entitled* ***'Trash'****, with producer* ***Desmond Child*** *in New York.*

The album will be released on the Epic label, and although no release date has been lined up as yet, late May or early June looks likely.

Alice has personally chosen the album's 10 songs from 40 that were available. This means that only one of three songs ***Bon Jovi*** *penned for him will be used, and similarly only one of three by guitarist* ***Kane Roberts****.*

A spokesman for Alice's management told Mayhem: "Alice has picked the songs purely by how good they sounded. The direction is less gore, more MOR!"

Before the mixing stages, all of the recording took place in Los Angeles.

■ **PRINCIPAL SECURITY**, the security company started by **Onslaught** manager **Kevin Fetterplace** and his co-director **Chris Markland** in the wake of problems at 'difficult' Thrash gigs four months ago, is rapidly establishing itself as a leader in the field.

Principal are already booked to do forthcoming tours by **Kreator**, **Sabbat**, **Onslaught** and **Nuclear Assault**, and are currently working with US band **Fishbone**.

Kevin Fetterplace told Mayhem: "What started out as a good idea has now got 130 man days booked in April and May.

"Principal Security doesn't infringe on established companies, and works in conjunction with in-house security. We are specialists who safeguard individuals – the band and their equipment as well as the people in the front of the stage. We don't deal in crowd control.

"We have a pool of 10 men, who between them have worked with every big act you could name. They have years of experience, and we'll only employ them if they've *never* used physical violence to do their job. Each is insured for up to one million pounds' worth of liability.

"We take our own pit barriers – specially designed – to each of our gigs, and work with bands and venues for a week before an individual gig or up to a month before a tour, making sure everything is properly planned.

"We're trying to make 'difficult' gigs enjoyable for everyone. We also try to charge reasonable rates for our services, as we realise not every band has money to chuck around."

Principal Security can be contacted through Kevin Fetterplace on **(01) 853 2905**.

■ THE NEWLY reformed megaband the **Who** have reportedly recruited star session drummer **Simon Phillips** to the line-up for their forthcoming but as yet unconfirmed UK tour.

Phillips replaces the departed **Kenney Jones**.

■ THE **TATTOOED Love Boys** are on the lookout for a rhythm guitarist to augment their line-up.

Interested parties should send a tape and photo to: **PO Box 396, London WC1R 4RU**.

■ UK THRASHERS **Deathwish** have lined up a brace of shows.

They play **London Fulham Greyhound** April 7 and **Cardiff Bogeys** May 11.

■ **BULKNIKUFESIN** IS the formal name of the **Anthrax** Fan Club UK. For details contact **Anthrax N.F.C., St. Peter's Square, London W6** or call **Yugo** on **(01) 621 0888** (daytime).

■ THE **REDBEARDS** have got back together for some shows before they 'disappear into the sunset for good (again)'!

They play **Walsall Junction 10** April 15, **Dudley JB's** 22, **Birmingham Goldwyns** 30.

Two more shows are yet to be confirmed.

■ DIRECTORS INTERNATIONAL Video launch the world's first Heavy Metal video magazine, called **'Hard 'N' Heavy'**, worldwide in April.

The launch cassette features exclusive and 'uncensored' interviews, plus appearances from **Ozzy Osbourne**, **Anthrax**, **Iron Maiden**'s **Bruce Dickinson**, **Alice Cooper**, **Vince Neil** on the set of **'Police Academy IV'** (his feature film debut), **Motörhead**, **Vio-lence**, **Forbidden** and **VoiVod**.

The action is linked by a character called **Hard 'N' Heavy**, a 'lewd, crude and fully animated headbanger'! The video is set to retail at £9.99 in the UK, and runs for over 60 minutes.

Music for the video links and the 'Hard 'N' Heavy' theme tune have been especially written and recorded by former **Thin Lizzy** guitarist **Scott Gorham**.

'Hard 'N' Heavy' will come out bi-monthly, with issue two due in June.

W.A.S.P.'s Yago cargo

■ *GERMAN CONCEPT rockers* ***Zed Yago*** *have been confirmed as support act on the forthcoming* ***W.A.S.P.*** *UK tour.*

The tour kicks off in Belfast on May 8, and runs throughout the month.

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Yngwie goes red

■ ***YNGWIE MALMSTEEN*** *is currently in London mixing a double live album, which was recorded on* ***Rising Force****'s recent jaunt to the USSR.*

The album has a working title of ***'Live In Leningrad'****, and is set for a Summer release on the Polydor label.*

Vocalist ***Joe Lynn Turner****, after an unsettled spell in the band, has now apparently agreed to record another studio album with Yngwie. However, Turner is also set to make a solo album, and has other projects in the pipeline.*

■ **SABBAT**, CURRENTLY mixing their new **'Dreamweaver'** album in Berlin, wish to point out that a scheduled show featuring themselves and **Kreator** at **Bradford Queens Hall** in April will not now take place.

Sabbat will, however, be visiting Bradford on their full UK tour, currently being lined up for May.

■ '70s BLUES stars **Blodwyn Pig** have reformed under the leadership of original **Jethro Tull** guitarist **Mick Abrahams**.

They play **Brentford Fountain** April 28.

■ THE **BOMBSHELLS**, who feature singer **Beki Bond**, have just completed work on their debut single, due out on their own label, Raunchy Rock, next month.

Co-produced by the band and **Zodiac Mindwarp** guitarist **Flash Bastard**, the single features **'Fighting For Our Lives'**, **'Lonely Secrets'** and an as yet undecided third track.

The Bombshells are also seeking a keyboard player. For details on that and on the single, contact their fan club at: **200 Victoria Road, Cambridge CB4 3LG**.

They plan a UK tour to coincide with the single's release.

■ **DOGS D'AMOUR** bassist **Steve** had his beloved 11-year-old leather jacket stolen from his dressing room at **Bristol Bierkeller** on March 13.

The jacket is black but has been sprayed metallic blue, and has 'The Dogs' written in pink on the right shoulder.

An 'exclusive' reward is being offered for its recovery. Contact **Gordon** at China Records on **(01) 602 5031** if you can help.

■ **HELLION**, LA rockers led by **Ann Boleyn**, are working on a new album entitled **'The Black Book'**, due for release on the New Renaissance label in mid-Summer.

The album – a concept piece about the Scottish town of Thornhill, and the legends which connect the area to the pagans who fled the court of King Arthur – will be accompanied by a full length novel penned by Ms Boleyn and also titled 'The Black Book'.

■ GERMAN METAL labels Aaarrg and Atom H have amalgamated under the monicker Major Records, and the company now has a UK office.

Aaarrg and Atom H will retain their label titles within the company.

The Aaarg catalogue includes **Mekong Delta**, **Sacred Chaos**, **Target**, **Syrus**, **Sirens**, **Last Descendant** and two new signings, **Lunatics Without Skateboards** and Moscow band **Shah**, both of whom will release albums next month.

The Atom H label roster includes **Protector**, **Accuser**, **Rumble Militia** and **Forced Entry**.

■ OHIO-BASED band **Necrophagia** have split up, and the band's former vocalist **Killjoy** has put together a new outfit called simply **Killjoy**.

The band have signed a worldwide deal with the New Renaissance label, and are recording their debut album in New York.

The as yet untitled opus is due this Summer.

Meantime, labelmates **Wehrmacht** tour Europe this month, and some UK dates 'may be added' to their itinerary.

Don't strain yourselves, lads. . .

■ MINNEAPOLIS-BASED rockers **Slave Raider** release their second album, **'What Do You Know About Rock 'N' Roll'**?, on the Jive label on April 10.

Some UK dates are currently being planned for this Summer.

■ **THE MISSION** have rescheduled their benefit show for the Lockerbie disaster fund due to singer **Wayne Hussey**'s recent illness.

It will now take place at **Cardiff Sands Centre** April 30. Tickets purchased for the original show are still valid.

■ **DECIMATOR**, NEWLY signed to the Neat label, will release their debut album in May.

Entitled **'Carnage City State Mosh Patrol'** and produced by **Keith Nichol**, it features the following tracks:

Side One: **'Raider'**, **'Mutoids FH'**, **'Blood Island'**, **'CCSMP'**.

Side Two: **'Devil's Bridge'**, **'Rogue Decimator'**, **'Dustbowl'** and **'Stealer Of Souls'**.

Jumpin' Jaimz

■ ***ST JAIMZ****, Glamsters led by ex-****Tigertailz*** *lad* ***Steevi Jaimz****, will release a three-track 12" single on their own Glamorous Records label in late April.*

The 12" will feature ***'Cat On A Hot Tin Roof'****,* ***'Talk Of The Town'*** *and* ***'Jeanie's Dreaming'****, and the band are lining up a tour to coincide with the release.*

St Jaimz have also parted company with bassist ***Krissy Fox*** *due to 'musical and personal differences'.*

The band are seeking a 'good-looking bassist with ability, preferably blond and preferably able to sing backing vocals'.

Anyone who fits the bill should call ***Glamorous Management*** *on* ***(01) 548 9972*** *or write to* ***TCG, 211 Piccadilly, London, W1V 9LD****.*

■ SAVAGE RECORDS release a one-sided, six-track sampler record featuring **Only Child**, **Alexa** and **Precious Metal** on April 3.

The full track listing is: Only Child **'Always'** and **'I Wanna Touch'**, Alexa **'We Don't Remember Why'** and **'Wanderlust'**, Precious Metal **'All Fall Down'** and **'Movin' Mountains'**.

The sampler has a suggested retail price of 99p.

■ AOR-STERS **Romeo's Daughter** release their **Mutt Lange** and **John Parr**-produced and self-titled debut album through Jive on April 10.

The band plan an early Summer UK tour.

■ **FREHLEY'S COMET**, led by **Kiss** legend **Ace Frehley**, are just about to start work on a new studio album, and have undergone some personnel changes.

Guitarist **Tod Howarth** has been replaced by **Richie Scarlett**, and former **Riot** man **Sandy Slavin** has taken over from **Jamie Oldaker** on the drumstool.

The album, as yet untitled, is set for release later this year.

Out of 'Mothballs

■ ***MAMMOTH*** *FINALLY release their self-titled debut album on the Jive label on April 10.*

Aside from the 'Moth boys, the album features a guest appearance from guitarist ***Bernie Tormé****.*

ANNIHILATOR

Pic Ray Palmer

WITH A NAME as blunt as a used Bic, you would hardly expect Canadian five-piece **Annihilator** to sound like **Jason Donovan**.

The album's called '**Alice In Hell**'.

The band are **Randy Rampage** (vocals and one-time bass player with **DOA**), **Anthony Greenham** (rhythm guitar), **Wayne Darley** (bass), **Ray Hartmann** (drums) and band mentor, founder, guitarist and songwriter, the stunningly shy 23-year-old **Jeff Waters**.

After having to relocate to Vancouver from his native Ottawa to dredge up band members to actually perform the extensive material that he was writing, Waters pulled his spiritual strings, turfed out the '**Phantasmagoria**' demo, caused **Don Kaye** to froth at the mouth and prompted Roadrunner's **Monte Connor** to start drawing dotted lines for people to sign on.

It isn't the flux of musical styles – though the fusion of jazz, Speed Metal and plain old rock and roll sets my pants alight – that makes the 'Alice . . .' album so exciting; it has to be Waters' lyrics.

From '**Burns Like A Buzzsaw Blade**' ("That's about sex, but not in the clichéd way, it's my polite way of describing a guy and a girl going at it') to '**Ligeia**' ("That's the **Edgar Allen Poe** story, I read it one day and then, on the next, I rewrote it as I remembered it and placed it into a song structure. It seems to be working pretty well") . . . this is compelling stuff.

Though the shocker, and what will be the debut single, '**Alison Hell**' is cloaked in truth. A bitter tale?

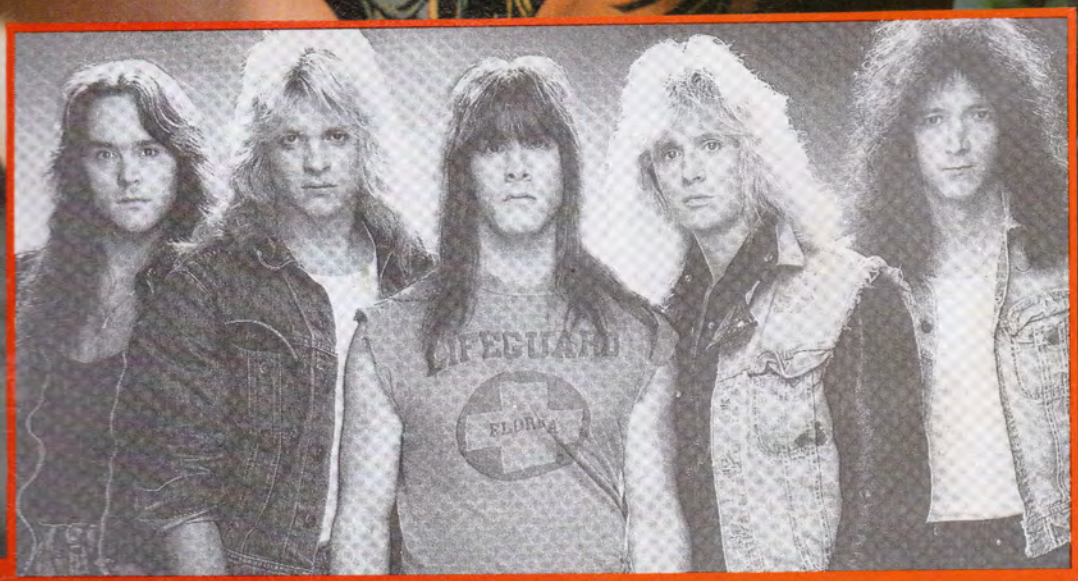
"She was a girl from Montreal, Canada, just a kid, who thought she saw the Bogeyman, and when she went to her parents for comfort, they just ignored it and thought it was some kind of phase that she was going through.

"It eventually got to the point where she was scared to go home from school and it became impossible for her to sleep. That was about four years ago. She's now in a mental hospital in Canada."

The album title you know, the songs are '**Crystal Ann**', 'Alison Hell', '**W.T.Y.D.**', '**Wicked Mystic**', 'Burns Like A Buzzsaw Blade', '**Word Salad**', '**Schizos (Are Never Alone) Parts I & II**', 'Ligeia' and '**Human Insecticide**'.

And my advice to you is to venture outdoors and buy a copy.

Go on then. PHIL WILDING



ANNIHILATOR (from left): Anthony Greenham, Wayne Darley, Jeff Waters, Randy Rampage, Ray Hartmann

KOMMUNIKATION

Spit it out to **Kerrang!**, *Kommunikation, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ*

ASK A STUPID QUESTION . . .

AM I the only person in Tamworth who prefers Ark to Wolfsbane? **Simon Shepherd, Tamworth, Staffs**

BISSONETTE-LIKE

CAN WE please have some more David Lee Roth interviews and posters?

I know David is trying to make a film, but there are other members of his band who have some time off. How about running an interview with the Bissonette brothers or Brett Tuggle?

If you can't do this, just do a massive poster of Gregg Bissonette, because, as Dave said, "He's the king of heavy artillery."

Also, why wasn't Gregg voted one of the best drummers in the Readers' Poll? He's 10,000 times better than Steven Adler, for starters.

By the way, you don't think I'm being too biased towards David Lee Roth, do you? **Paul, The Biggest Gregg Bissonette Fan In The World, High Wycombe**

LITTLE 'BOYS' ROOM

WHAT THE hell's goin' on? I was eagerly awaiting *Kerrang!* this week, as we'd been promised a Quireboys poster.

Surely, when coming second in the Best New Band category, Quireboys fans should have got a MEGASIZE poster, and not just a ridiculously small picture of Spike. And to top it off, you even printed massive posters of the third and fourth placed bands!

Please do us a favour and print a reasonably sized poster of the *whole* band very soon. If not, I'll come and burn all the Vixen posters in your office! **Ann, Certified Quireboys Freak, North Yorkshire**

PS If Guns N' Roses won the Best New Band category *last* year, how did they qualify to be included in this year's contest?

CHOOSE TATTOO

TATTOOED LADY – in reply to your letter (*Kerrang!* ish 226), I must congratulate you on your words of wisdom.

I am a tattoo artist from Lowestoft in Suffolk, and have long believed that people should consider what they are having done a lot more seriously than they do now. Unfortunately, there is still a stigma attached to women who have tattoos, so they should be especially careful.

The girls mentioned in TL's letter should have (and maybe had) really thought before getting those tattoos, and maybe even made up a design from their personal feelings about the band, rather than just getting the band's logo.

Quite frankly, I feel that groups who use 'Tattoo', 'Tattooed', or any other form of the word in their name, and then stick some kind of rubber stamp effort on their album covers, are quite wrong. Well-done tattoos would be acceptable, but not these deals that look like the transfers you get out a 5p bubbly machine.

I hope *Kerrang!* readers will take notice of this letter and the one from Tattooed Lady, and be much more selective in their choices. Tattooing has been pushed backwards for too long; why put it back any further?! **Simon Parker, Bodyscape Tattoo Studio, Lowestoft**

THE SEVERAL SEETHES OF RYE

LIVING IN Rye, East Sussex, my friends and I find it very difficult to get to and from concerts. However, we travelled up to Wembley on Sunday April 12 to see Gary Moore.

We knew we'd have to leave the Arena early to catch the last train home, but having front row seats made up for that. We sat patiently and waited until finally being told that the support band would not be appearing, but that Gary Moore would be on stage by 9.30.

As you probably know, he came on stage at 10.00 pm. We saw 15 minutes of Gary Moore before having to leave. Unfortunately we missed our train home and if it wasn't for the kindness of two people from Gravesend who let us sleep in their house for the remainder of the night I don't know what we'd have done.

I expect there were many more people in our position. We got back to Rye at 10.30 am the following day, late for work, very tired and angry. The whole weekend cost us about £45 each in train, bus and taxi fares.

So please, bands and organisers, you're glad enough to take our money; if you care about your fans as you're supposed to, do something to help us. **Tracy Champion, Rye, East Sussex**

SOUTH OF DEVON

I'M NOT whinging, honest. But for f**k's sake: THERE IS LIFE BEYOND BRISTOL!

Not many tour managers, operators etc know this, but there's a small area of land to the west of Bristol called the South West Peninsula. Down in Devon there are lots of Metalheads with lots of cider, and quite a bit of money to spend on gigs – but not quite enough for the train fare up to Bristol as well. **The Girl Who Used To Live In Weston-Super-Mare** (Yo, Purgatory!)

BIRTHDAY BOOB

I WAS very disappointed to see that in both issues 227 and 228, you failed to mention the birthday of Ray Phillips, ex-drummer of Budgie, who now has his own band, Tredegar. His 40th birthday was on March 1.

Please put this matter right and send him a belated birthday mention in your next issue.

I am nearly the same age as Ray and know him and his family well.

I enjoy *Kerrang!* very much. I have five Heavy Metal kids, ranging in age from four to 21 years. We buy three *Kerrang!*s a week.

Last year I figured I'd join my kids in their love of Heavy Metal, so the two eldest lads took me to Donington. It was the best day of my life. Iron Maiden and David Lee Roth made me come alive. I went to both bands' concerts later in the year.

My daughter, aged four, wants to marry David Lee Roth or Fabrice out of Tredegar (starting young!).

Anyway, keep up the good work. We will continue to buy *Kerrang!*, even after your slight touch of forgetfulness. **Gill Poole, Telford**

Pic David Willis

VOW WOW's Genki Hitomi: a pristine performance transcending superlatives (or summat like that)

VOW WOW WOW!

LAST NIGHT I went to the International 2 in Manchester, primarily to see Leatherwolf, a band I have championed since clapping ears on them some years ago. As expected they were excellent, despite a rough sound quality, and I await their return as headliners with anticipation.

Having read Chris Watts' review of Vow Wow in issue 229, I wasn't expecting a lot from them, and I certainly didn't expect what we got!

When I see a band whose material I am not familiar with, believe me I am critical. I knew only three of Vow Wow's songs and left the show knowing I had seen one of the best gigs of my life (and I've seen quite a few!).

The sound was near perfect and the songs were excellent, so excellent in places, particularly 'Breakaway', that they transcend any superlatives I can dream up!

I have seen too many solos lately to remain interested, even though I am a musician myself, but Rei's keyboard solo and Kyoji's total guitar mastery lost my attention not one iota, being easily the best instrumental sections I've ever experienced!

Mr Watts expressed concern at the amount of technology used; I say only a few backing vocals were taped, and the odd effect, but so what – it worked well and they pulled it off easily.

Neil Murray fits in well and is not the focal point, that is left to wonderful vocalist Genki. I suspect that the fault, Mr Watts, lay in reviewing the first gig of the tour.

If nothing else, Vow Wow can be sure in the knowledge that they made three new fans that night and I must now urge all fans of classic melodic hard rock to put aside any prejudices and go and see them! ***SM Hall, Macclesfield, Cheshire***

PS I can now truly say that Anthrax fans are the most narrow-minded in Britain!

PPS Andy Boot – discographies of Vow Wow and City Boy (!) needed, please!

UNBEATABLE AGAINST DANDRUFF, KINDER TO HAIR.

New All Clear. No other shampoo is more effective against dandruff.

New All Clear is also kinder to hair. It has extracts of herbs and leaves your hair soft, clean and easy to manage.

Available in three types – for normal hair, for greasy hair and for frequent use.

New All Clear. It's clearly unbeatable.

SINGLES

PHIL WILDING with guest reviewers KYOJI (VOW VOW), ALAN (DIRTY STRANGERS) and GARY (HORSE LONDON)

.38 Special: 'Second Chance (A&M)
Gary: "Oh, f**king hell, f**king awful, tell me about it."
Kyoji: "This is sleeping music."
Alan: "The things that people will do to get an old age bus pass."
PW: I can see you lot are going to be a barrel of laughs. Okay, I own up, I never realised that .38 Special had fallen off the edge of the world and been born again as the walking dead. For some reason I keep thinking of grey custard. Bleugh.

BLACK SABBATH: 'Headless Cross' (IRS)
G: "Come back Ozzy, all is forgiven. It sounds so American."
A: "Who is *this?* I've never been guilty of owning an album by these, thank God."
K: "I think that the production's good, but I'm not too sure about the song."
PW: Well I am. This is a wonderful return to form, just like 'Heaven And Hell', just like the last time they were any good, just like when they were exciting, just when I was so much younger. Nicely done, young Tony. Did I say young?! I wonder if his moustache is grey by now?

HEARTBREAK ANGELS: 'Desperado' (MTI)
A: (Opening bottle of champagne) "They've done their homework on the haircuts, A Plus for that anyway."
K: "It doesn't do anything at all for me."
G: "The intro's miles too f**king long. I'm aghast, the Alarm go Glam."
PW: Which is one way of putting it, not too bad, but I wonder how many bands would have plumped for acoustic guitars about six months ago, when they weren't at all hip to swing around your shoulders?

THE OUTFIELD: 'Voices Of Babylon' (CBS)
A: "As it goes, REO Speedwagon did this about three years ago, ha! It's awful to be so negative, but if you get played a load of shit you have to be honest about it."
G: "This is safe, with a very big 'S'. I mean, they were a good band, but this isn't even a good pop song. It's hotel lobby music."
K: "No, it's, uh, no."
A: "They were playing this in Safeway the other day when I was buying some orange juice."
PW: Are you sure it was orange juice? Oh dear, the Outfield were once the band who broke the bank of America with classy three-minute AOR nuggets and then brought it all back home (yep, they're British) to be totally ignored by everyone. They now sound like Sting and James Reyne in mutual masturbation.

LITTLE STEVEN: 'Revolution' (RCA)
A: "Which charity is this one for? I remember he came to a club we were playing at once and he paid to come in. Sorry, I saw him at The Palais once and he was great, and then at the Town And Country doing all this reggae stuff and protest songs and then he wasn't so great. This'd sound okay in a club."
G: "He should have stuck to entertaining people, it's okay for funk."
K: "You should get yourself a better hi-fi system, this isn't really *Kerrang!*."
PW: What, the Death Deck or the song? Admittedly, Little Steve Babes has dropped the guitar and laid down a chunk of funk, but I like it, and I don't say that too often.

TUESDAY'S SIN: 'The Sod's Law EP' (Tuesday's Sin)
G: "It's the hungriest thing you've played so far. They're punk rock, but they're young and they're having a go and that counts."
K: "It's not my kind of thing, but it's okay."
A: (Studying the cover) "I'm into all these naked birds on the front, it's a pity that the record doesn't quite come up to that image."
PW: I don't know where we dragged him in from, I think he's a friend of Krusher's. Though it has to be said the cover is rather, uh, sweet and the music therein is a good old fashioned bop about. Pogo anyone?

THE DEL-LORDS: 'Cheyenne' (Enigma)
A: "I saw these one time when they played in New York and they gave me a good night out there."
K: "I like this, it's got a nice sound to it."
G: "It's got a good chorus, there's another acoustic guitar, there are so many people using them these days."
A: "I think there's a shortage of electricity in the world."
PW: Will you shut up? Enough, I saw these live the other night and they were fantastic.

HELLBASTARD: 'Deadlock' (Temple Of Love)
K: "Interesting sound to this one."
G: "Another long intro, actually, it's all right, though it sounds like the singer's singing in a tin. Well weird."
A: "It says here that they've had a change in their line-up – does that mean that they're now all shagging different birds?"
K: "This is on the wrong speed."
A: "It's better on the wrong speed. It doesn't matter, you can't really tell the difference. Can we all sing along?"
PW: If you like, and by God and daffodils, this *is* odd. If they didn't have the best name in Europe I'd declare this a piece of manic, pompous shit. Ah, what the hell, I will anyway.

METALLICA: 'One' (Phonogram)
G: "This is incredible, this is fantastic, this is f**king brilliant. I don't really like Metallica, but this. . . lots of Ks, heaps of Ks."
K: "I haven't heard this before, it's something new, it's so different. It's good."
A: "This is like asking me about nuclear physics; I know absolutely nothing about it. Where's Krusher's drink supply? This is really good."
PW: The song with the video that makes me cry, the song that will have to go down as Metallica's finest hour etc etc. This is a towering, thinking colussus of power. Top 20, but that's up to you. Think, that way you'll get to see *the* video. Simply magnificent.

INXS: 'Mystify' (Phonogram)
A: "They've got really good songs and a great production to wrap them up in."
K: "Yeah, this is good."
G: "They've always got a really powerful, good chorus."
PW: Certainly have. Huger than you'll ever be, though I still hanker after the rock out guitar of 'Listen Like Thieves'.

THE ICE BABIES: 'Someday Remember' (La Stillette)
G: "I used to work with one of these at Kensington Market so I'd better say it's good. Very B-Movie, it's not bad really."
A: "Sounds like a girl singer; it's not is it? They sound like those early '80s bands who came and then went again."
K: "It's okay."
PW: Which is really as enthusiastic as you can get about this. It's, uh, yeah, okay. Exciting, huh?

JOHNNY DIESEL & THE INJECTORS: 'Don't Need Love' (Chrysalis)
G: "Nice riff, I like that saxophone. It's very Summertime music, could do with a bit more guitar though."
K: "If his voice was stronger, more upfront, it'd be really good."
A: "It could be a little more raw, and if it'd been full of free gifts I'd have liked it even more. No, seriously, it's very good."
PW: Extremely good is more like it. Only 22 and stuffed full of great songs, this is a great open-topped car anthem.

MIKE & THE MECHANICS: 'Nobody Knows' (WEA)
G: "Nothing, absolutely nothing. They sound like they do what they're told."
A: "I feel extremely offended. Actually, this is what they were playing in Safeway when I put the orange juice back."
K: "This is nothing and does nothing for me."
PW: The Sludge Sisters Inc (WEA division) have told me to tell you that this is lovely or they'll slap my legs. When are you coming over, girls? Not good.

THE KRITIKAL KREW (from left): Kyoji, Alan, Gary

Pic Ian Jacobs

MOTLEY CRÜE

GANG

REMEMBER HOW IT FELT YOUR FIRST TIME?

THINGS YOU'VE NEVER DONE BEFORE

THE NEW ALBUM FEATURING "NO EASY WAY OUT"

Produced by Beau Hill.
On Virgin Compact Discs, Cassettes and Records.
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Virgin

EXTREME MEASURES

Our man with the extremely long name BRIAN BRANDES BRINKERHOFF (for it is he) interviews EXTREME (pictured on the extreme right). It transpires that the quartet are an extremely good new band from Boston, Massachusetts – an American state that's extremely difficult to spell, let alone pronounce (particularly after an extremely heavy drinking session)

NAME THE best American cities for rock 'n' roll, and I guarantee you that Boston isn't going to be at the tip of too many tongues.

Sure, the area has produced Aerosmith and the city's namesake outfit. But, well, other than the criminally underrated Mass, there hasn't been much to talk about (or, as the natives say, 'taaawk about').

You see, as far as East Coast Metal hotbeds go, Boston is isn't even a poor cousin to New York City.

So where does Boston fit into things, I hear you mumble? Well, that's a very good question, and one that can best be answered by serving up for your inspection one blistering four-piece on A&M Records that go by the monicker of Extreme.

If you thought Boston was only good for US college-type acts, Extreme will knock that silly notion right out of your thick skull. Extreme play it hard but tasteful, with some interesting twists along the way that make the outcome anything but generic Metal.

Listening to Extreme, the likes of Zeppelin, Queen, Van Halen, Dan Reed and Living Colour immediately jump to my mind. I played the band's album to a friend the other day who exclaimed, "These guys deliver what the BulletBoys only promise!". Intriguing enough for you? I thought so.

EXTREME WERE originally brought to the attention of yours truly by the man Del Boy Oliver considers to be the second greatest human being alive – 'Broadway' Louis Levin, the man responsible not only for the management chores of this mighty quartet but for those of Michael Bolton as well. But, believe me, the difference between the two acts is like night and day.

Yet this isn't exactly your overnight success story. Despite winning a whole bunch of Boston area music awards, Extreme had to build a rabid live following to really attract the interest and the A&M deal that followed.

"We've always prided ourselves on our live performance. We're physical up there on stage because that's what the music does to us," states vocalist and band comedian Gary Cherone. "There's an angst when we play. We're for real – we don't pose and we're not afraid to bleed for the crowd.

"I think we can do it live with the best of them."

Until you can catch Extreme live for yourselves, you'll have to be content with their debut album release, but even that didn't come easy. Extreme are proof that being signed is just the first step in the 'hurry and wait' procedure that seems to be becoming increasingly more prevalent in the music industry. If you think it's tough working and waiting to get that deal, try being signed and then *still* having to wait to get things moving!

Despite putting their autographs on the legal paperwork in late '87, it's taken until now for the first Extreme product to hit the shelves. Actually, this self-titled debut slab of vinyl heralds the band's second appearance on vinyl as the cut 'Play With Me' was on the soundtrack to the not-so 'Excellent Adventures Of Bill And Ted'.

After signing in late 1987 the band headed into the studio to begin the process of putting a selection of three years' worth of material to tape. The man selected for the task was the legendary Mack (Queen, Billy Squier, etc). While the band elect to stay tight-lipped about the situation, those of you out there with an eye for detail will immediately note that the final credits on the LP sleeve include a helluva lot more names than just 'Mack'.

Reading between the lines, I'd say there appeared to be some differences in opinion concerning the final product. Add the fact that the actual recording took place in January and February of 1988, and you can guess the rest.

"Yeah, it's taken a little while to get everything to where it is today," admits Gary. "But the important thing is that everybody is very happy with the record. After we finished recording with Mack, Brian Foraker and Nigel Green were each hired to mix some tracks. But while the job they did was great, it wasn't what we were looking for. So we spent most of the year doing the job ourselves."

AND A FINE job they did. The record jumps out and grabs you immediately with its collection of hooks, riffs and melodies. Believe me, this isn't one of those 'if you hear one tune, you've heard 'em all' outfits. For proof of that there's 'Rock A Bye Bye', a ballad that includes full orchestration and a piano, while 'Flesh 'N' Blood' is more straight forward rock.

The bottom line is that this outfit doesn't play it safe. If you want rock, it's here. If you want funk, it's here. If you want a bit of commerciality, it's here as well. And the best thing about all this is that Extreme never come off as anything other than themselves.

'Kid Ego', the initial single and video release, is a sharp slap at the inflated egos that abound in this business and serves as a tasty introduction to the band, while 'Wind Me Up', the bluesy 'Smoke Signals', the soulful 'Watching, Waiting' and 'Little Girls' are other Extreme highlights. As Del Boy pointed out in his album review a few issues back, this is a solid and enjoyable release from start to finish – and there aren't too many of those around these days.

Those with very long memories may possibly recall a video for the Extreme track 'Mutha (Don't Wanna Go To School Today)' that gained exposure on American MTV back in 1985 as part of an independent band/video promotion contest by the vid channel, but the Extreme of today features only Gary and drummer Paul Geary. That original duo made guitarist Nuno Bettencourt their first acquisition, and with the addition of bassist Pat Badger a year later, the line-up solidified at its current roll call.

So what's the deal with Extreme? Where do you picture yourselves fitting into the music spectrum?

"I think it's hard to pinpoint exactly the best description of our music. There's so many influences. There's a lot of versatility to us. We can be kind of funk at times as well as obviously straight ahead rock," replies Paul. "We've tried to be a bit unique and original and not be as clichéd. I think there's an extreme, if you will, variety to what we're doing."

"We never want to be in a situation that people can say or feel that they've heard us do the same thing that we've done before or that we're ripping off somebody or doing what is the hip thing musically," notes Gary. "Extreme will never be that kind of band. We'll always do what we feel musically like doing."

"While this is a record is a good representation of Extreme, a song like 'Little Girls' is kind of a nod to our future because that was the last song we wrote during the recording," adds Nuno. "The next record will be even harder but funkier as well. 90 per cent of the material we've been coming up with definitely isn't pop or commercially oriented."

THE TALK OF a second record may strike some as a bit premature seeing as how their first record has just hit the shops, but Extreme understand that, once you're content, you're heading downhill. To that end, rather than sit for the last year while the mixing situation was being sorted out, Gary and Nuno did what they do best: wrote songs.

"Every time we write something we're always convinced that it's the best Extreme song yet," Gary explains. "We've got around 75 songs, and every day we're adding to that. It's the only way to stay fresh."

"We constantly write. I mean, we've been doing sets in local clubs where none of the material we play is even on the record. Some of the people from A&M came to a show one night and didn't recognise a single thing," laughs Nuno. "They were telling everybody about certain songs that they were excited about and we never played any of them."

No doubt that was a surprise to the label, but when it comes to Extreme, don't ever rely on them to do the expected or play it safe. After all, they're exactly what their name implies, and that's why you'll no doubt find Boston gaining a bit more rock recognition in the near future.

Pic Joe Giron

WE ARE THE LAWN!

The debut album from the neo-legendary LAWNMOWER DETH – shared with the similarly neo-legendary Metal Duck – recently became the second best selling record in Leicester (for one week only). Reason enough for DAVE REYNOLDS to gather up his grass box and head for Turf City to exchange cutting remarks with MR FLYMO, QUALCAST MUTILATOR, MIGHTYMOW DESTRUCTIMOW *et al*. Altogether now: 'Ready, steady. . . MOW!'

YES, IT'S THAT time again. Time for throwing caution to the wind, putting a pair of Paddington Bear-style wellies on your feet and venturing up to the Midlands to find out what those purveyors of potting shed mayhem, those five mental bastards who cavort under the ridiculous handle of Lawnmower Deth, have been up to.

I found myself in the company of 'Deth vocalist Qualcast Mutilator, risking a soaking in his brother's Meccano Ford Escort, a vehicle barely held together by a couple of nuts and bolts and a stick of chewing gum.

We were *en route* to the meeting of doom. Y'see, the 'Deth camp is actually based in an out-of-the-way village called Ravenshead, between Nottingham and Mansfield.

So, if you'll please bear with me, this is the pitiful result of a couple of hours in the company of the aforementioned Qualcast, LD founder and drummer Mr Flymo, guitar partners Concorde FaceRipper and Schitzo Rotary Sprintmaster and bassist Mightymow Destructimow.

Actually the occasion is something of a minor celebration. Finally, after almost a whole year of delays, the debut Lawnmower Deth vinyl offering, a split LP with Manchester's equally daft Metal Duck, is out in the shops – *and* it's selling to boot.

The album recently received glowing praise in the *K!* pages but, as expected, such ultimate five-K accolades haven't gone to Lawnmower Deth's heads. Indeed, if pressed, they'll tell you they were pissed off that the record didn't get a diabolical slagging. Miserable sods!

Okay, so what do you have to say about all the delays?

"I think it's good that the album was delayed," says Mightymow. "If it had been released last July, as planned, it would've been ages before we would've had a follow-up ready. It was frustrating to wait so long for it to come out, but it's been worth it, because we plan on putting the next one out at the end of this year."

Mr Flymo: "The only trouble is that it's full of really old stuff that we wrote ages ago. Our new songs are more complex, they're 10 times better, but still stupid and crap at the same time."

Has the release of the album suddenly turned you all into local superstars?

Mightymow: "No, not really."

Mr Flymo: "Qualcast has had to sign loads of albums in HMV in the last few weeks, but I'm not sure whether they've actually been selling 'em!"

Qualcast: "Our album has been second best-selling record in Leicester for one week."

Concorde: "It's not bad for a record that only cost £120 to do. It took 13 hours in all to record, though it took us three days to take all our equipment up the stairs of the studio we recorded at!"

Qualcast: "I had this really grandiose idea of what a studio was gonna be like, but when I got there it was like this little black box with loads of egg cartons stuck to the wall."

Schitzo Rotary: "It was a shame actually, but with the next one we'll probably have a bit more cash to play with. The songs are much better. We've written some really good stuff recently. 'Spook Perv In The Snooker Hall' is a real good one! There's also 'Doe Doe Doe', dedicated to our biggest fan (sic), 'Cob Woman Of Deth', 'Mr Smellymack' and 'Can I Cultivate Your Groinal Garden?'."

QUALCAST: "THERE'S also one about Sabbat (another Nottingham band) called 'Sheep Dip', plus a continuation on the 'Lawnmowers Rampage In The Jungle' theme called 'Lawnmowers Rampage In The Arctic'.

"One of the best things that's happened to me since the album came out was that somebody came up to me the other day and told me I sounded like Chuck Billy, my hero, of Testament! I was dead pleased. I was wondering whether I looked like him too, with this big gut and a lumberjack shirt!

"As a band we've been compared to both Spinal Tap and Bad News, and I think Mightymow wants to moan . . ."

MM: "Yeah, we're not a spoof band. We're a fun band.

"Our show isn't rehearsed."

Yes, but didn't you intend to be a spoof band?

Mr Flymo: "Not really. When I did the first demo it *was* just a piss-take of something like Bathory. But when the rest of 'em got together it started to become much more serious in a fun way.

"Sure, a song like 'Seventh Church Of The Apocalyptic Lawnmower' is a piss-take of Venom and Bathory. There's 14 tracks on the LP, but I wouldn't say that every single one is a spoof of something or somebody. Some people claim that we're ridiculing Hardcore, but we've never really looked at it that way."

Schitzo: "We've really seen too many bands who are trying to be somebody else. We intended having a laugh when we were practising and it got to the point where it developed into the show. People come to see us to be entertained."

MM: "During most bands' sets you can go and have a piss halfway through safe in the knowledge that, even though

LAWNMOWER DETH (Mr Flymo, first right): "We're now total Glam. Our gig in Huddersfield will prove this. We've got a great image, some great dresses, and the make-up looks wonderful!"

LAWNMOWER DETH with the author (holding umbrella)

you've missed a song or two when you get back, they'll be doing exactly the same kinda thing. You can't really do that with us, you really don't know what we're gonna do next."

MR FLYMO GETS more to the heart of the matter: "We're the first to admit that we're not brilliant musicians, but it's the fact that we're entertaining that matters the most. One example was this gig we did in Sutton (Notts) where we did a cover of the Exploited's 'Dead Cities' and this drunk punk youth got up on stage with us, so I got him to play the drums while I went down the front Moshing! It went down a treat."

What about the claims from a couple of critics that you've jumped on the Thrash bandwagon?

Entire band mockingly scream, "It's all true!" before getting down to the business of nailing the culprits.

Qualcast reckons it's just *one* person's belief, while Mr Flymo claims it's all due to the fact that he was in a Thrash band prior to forming Lawnmower Deth.

Concorde FaceRipper explains the deal further.

"None of us was in a band before this one, except Mr Flymo who was in a band called Scrawm and they're still going.

"We're not a failed Thrash band. This is a completely different band from Scrawm."

Mr Flymo: "I've been into Thrash since the early days of Venom. Some of the people who slag us off aren't even into Thrash anyway. If we've jumped on the Thrash bandwagon then we've now decided to jump on the Glam one! We're now total Glam. Our gig in Huddersfield will prove this. We've got a great image, some great dresses, and the make-up looks wonderful!"

Are you going to make moves towards bringing the circus further south?

"It's difficult. We'd like to do it, but the trouble is our jobs. Most of us work during the day, so obviously time off is limited, which is why we've just been playing round the Midlands, with a few forays into Yorkshire. We do tend to go more North than South, because the further South we've gone before the more things that have tended to be thrown at us!"

Concorde: "There's talk of us playing with Virus down there. We've also heard from somebody that Nuclear Assault are interested in getting us to open for them next time they come back"

Qualcast: "We have been offered a few gigs down there, but there's no point in us travelling all that way to just play to about 15 people, it's got to be worthwhile. And it's more fun playing support to another band cos we get in to see 'em for free! Ha! Ha!"

Will the next mega 'Deth (oops! No pun intended) opus be a bloody full 28-track job as opposed to this split LP ?

MM: "Oh, yes!"

Will there be a weird and wonderful concept in there somewhere?

Qualcast: "Yeah, the album's gonne be all about the Black Monk! We've not heard the new Sabbat album, honest!"

Mr Flymo: "There's this guy up in Mansfield who is our biggest influence at the moment. He's called Mr Splash and he's this old bloke of about 70 who rides around on this massive tricycle collecting for charity. He's a frequent visitor to all the joke shops and he's always wearing these stupid costumes.

"The funniest sight was when he tore down the dual carriageway on his bike with this big animal head on and a blow-up doll attached to the back. He's also got this huge ghetto blaster in the front basket that plays old Abba tapes, or the 'Grease' soundtrack, at full blast!

"He was dead popular until he dressed up as Hitler! Now everyone hates him. But we love him, and we want to get him on stage with us!"

DON'T YOU attract enough weirdos as it is, without encouraging them?

Mr Flymo nods in agreement. "Absolutely, but it's great! One guy, I think he was from Lincoln, sent me a tape and asked me to shout 'F**k Off!' into it!

"We get ridiculous letters."

Concorde: "One bloke wrote and told us how he'd got his whole school involved in 'liberating' lawnmowers by going round his area nicking 'em!

"We get sent pictures of kids with their lawnmowers."

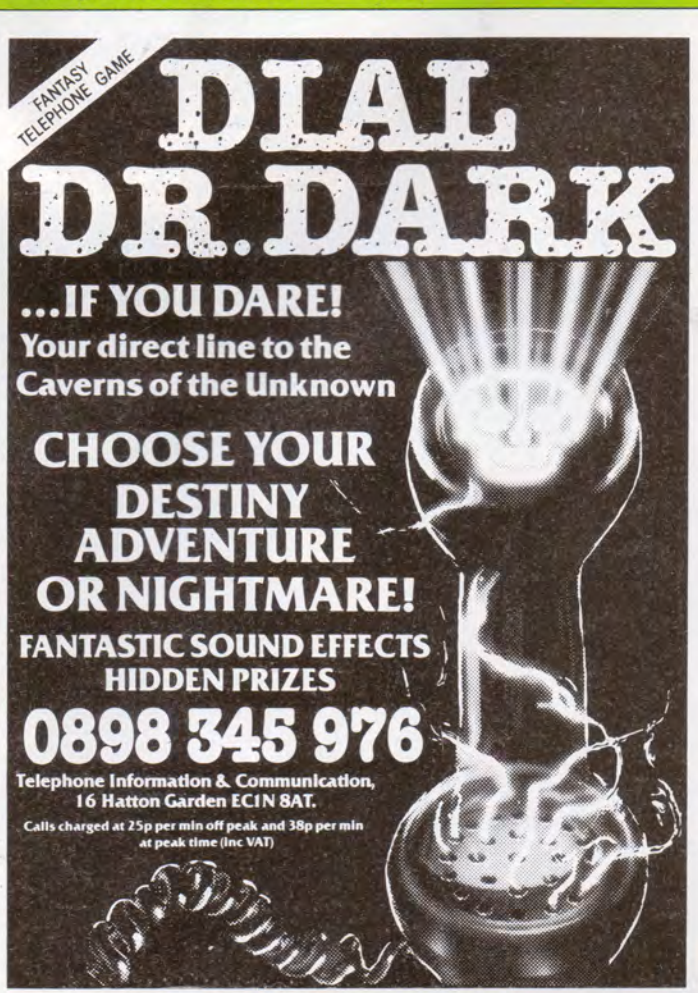
Qualcast: "And another youth sent Mr Flymo a lawnmower porn magazine. All these pictures of lawnmowers with tits and things posing, claiming that they weren't forced into exposing themselves!"

The fans who pay good money to see this bunch of lunatics are also known to be completely beyond hope!

"Yes, this is something I wanted to talk about!" cries Qualcast in a burst of Lucozade-induced energy. "The current trend seems to be that the kids throw all sorts of way-out stuff at us on stage. The new 'in thing' is for us to have baked beans and baked potatoes thrown at us. It does get disgusting! Shaving foam too! Baked beans actually make your eyes sting if you get a direct hit.

"But we've got this rad manager now who's a pyro freak, so now our show takes on a certain Venom and Wrathchild-like feel about it. Out home-made confetti cannons are just brill!"

Concorde has the final say. "When we headline Donington nothing will ever be the same again."



THE WEEK IN METAL

Rockin' Retrospective by DEREK OLIVER

RONNIE JAMES Dio: showing delight with his all-new mini-person elevator shoes (just out of shot)

1968
Pink Floyd announce that founder member and vocalist **Syd Barrett** has officially left the group on April 16. Barrett, who is suffering from psychiatric disorders compounded by heavy drug abuse, retires to seclusion in his mother's house but later re-emerges to release two solo albums on EMI's progressive label Harvest.

1970
Keith Emerson, chiefly known for his work with **The Nice**, joins forces with bassist/vocalist **Greg Lake** (ex-**King Crimson**) to form a writing partnership. They start auditions (on April 11) to find a suitable drummer. With the addition of **Carl Palmer** (from **Atomic Rooster**) they will, of course, become art-rock supergroup **Emerson, Lake And Palmer**.

1973
The Number One album in the American charts is **Pink Floyd**'s '**Dark Side Of The Moon**'. Blessed with a stunning production unparalleled for its period, the album became Pink Floyd's biggest seller ever. It remained in the UK charts for over two years and in the US for over a decade.

1974
The first **Calfornia Jam** rock festival (held on April 6) pulls in a crowd in excess of 200,000 to see such great '70s acts as **Emerson, Lake And Palmer**, the **Eagles**, **Deep Purple** and **Black Oak Arkansas**. Unlike most festivals, the day runs smoothly; in fact, it starts 15 minutes early. Captured for posterity on film, the event is later broadcast on network television.

1975
Ritchie Blackmore plays his last gig with the original incarnation of **Deep Purple** at the **Paris Olympia** on April 7. '**Stormbringer**', the latest Purple album, had seen Blackmore take a pronounced backseat. His own ideas were, so it transpires, being withheld for a solo project which was to become, eventually, the first **Rainbow** album. 'Stormbringer' proved the least commercially successful of all Purple's '70s albums.

1976
Scottish rockers **Nazareth** receive a gold single on April 8 for their Top 10 smash hit '**Love Hurts**', a cover of an old **Everly Brothers** song. The single is notable for being one of several cover versions Nazareth will perform during their long career. Others include **Joni Mitchell**'s '**This Flight Tonight**' and **Bob Dylan**'s '**The Ballad Of Hollis Brown**'.

1977
After performing to an audience of 40,000 in Sydney, Australia (the largest concert in the country's history to date), **Alice Cooper** is placed under house arrest at his hotel until he settles a bond for 59,832 US dollars – the sum which a local promoter claims to have paid Cooper for a 1975 Australian tour he never actually undertook. Cooper and the promoter eventually arrive at a court settlement that divides the money between the two parties.

1979
Another giant two-day rock festival begins on April 7. The **California Music Festival** at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum draws 110,000 people and makes 1.2 million dollars, but will still be a financial loss for the promoters. Among the acts featured are **Ted Nugent**, **Aerosmith**, **Cheap Trick** and **Van Halen**.

1981
Van Halen lead guitar player **Eddie Van Halen** marries actress **Valerie Bertinelli** on April 11.
Humble Pie founder member and guitarist **Steve Marriott** suffers crushed fingers when he catches his hand in a revolving door in Chicago on April 7. Rumours that he will never play again prove unfounded.

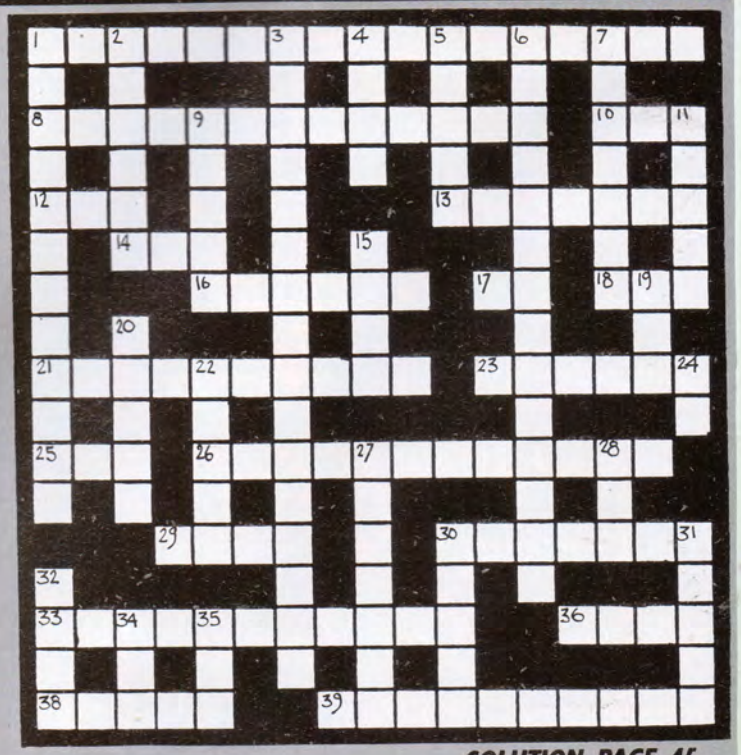
1984
Los Angeles rockers **Rough Cutt** announce that they have signed a worldwide recording deal with

KERROSSWORD

by Sue Buckley

ACROSS
1. Metallica's reply to 'Don't Fear The Reaper' (9.2.6)
8. Man with blackfoot! (5.8)
10. City for AC/DC (3)
12. Cold as Foreigner (3)
13. How were Saxon getting to America? (7)
14. How many years after? (3)
16. Mel might have provided this for **13**! (6)
17. **17** see **33**
18. Ogden's 'gone flake' for **5** (3)
21. With Motörhead they massacred Valentine's Day (10)
23. The late Crane's rooster (6)
25. Hunter/Gillan/Astbury (3)
26. Gypsy Queen with the brakes off (3.2.7)
29. Hackman/Vincent/Simmons (4)
30. Andy, policeman and axeman (7)
33. and **17** What does Ann Wilson say to Robin Zander? (9.2.2)
36. Marillion's wet circles (4)
38. After being refused, **33** is on her own (5)
39. Camel's traveller (10)

DOWN
1. A repetitive one from Whitesnake (4.1.2.5)
2. Superpowered one from the Leps (6)
3. Male pessimism from Maiden (3.4.4.3.2.)
5. In the '60s they were small (5)
6. Krokus are naughty at a slow pace (3.4.2.1.4)
7. Un-Accept-able roulette (7)
9. Immature Aussie bros (5)
11. Life/Time/Nurse (5)
15. Tyler and Co's 'Smith' (4)
19. Just Jon Roth (3)
20. Marino sounds forthright (5)
22. It was on the water at Geneva (5)
24. Truncated group for Rodgers (2)
27. As danced by Genesis (7)
28. Love/Vision (3)
30. Do it at the devil (5)
31. Hagar/Fox (5)
32. Geoff Downes gets continental (4)
34. Naughty band who committed sex crimes (3)
35. The tiger had a famous one! (3)



SOLUTION PAGE 45

VALERIE BERTINELLI and hubby Eddie Van Halen: pictured here before right royal nosh-up at McDonald's (just out of shot)

the Warner Brothers label. The band will make just two albums – that's an eponymously-titled debut in 1985 and '**Rough Cutt Wants You**' in 1986 – before breaking up in late 1987.

Also in Los Angeles, it is rumoured that **Angel** – the Glam/Pomp quintet who, despite their Pop Metal prowess, never attained more than cult status – are back in business. Keyboard player **Gregg Giuffria** has, apparently, re-formed the unit, although he is the only original member in the new line-up, which also includes ex-Rough Cutt guitarist **Craig Goldie**. As time progresses Gregg decides to change the title of the band to Giuffria when he signs a recording contract with the MCA/Camel label.

HM rockumentary '**Spiñal Tap**' opens in the USA, detailing the events of British dinosaur rockers **Spiñal Tap** on their final '**Tap Into America**' tour of the States. Some of the scenes are utterly hysterical, including the legendary feud between 'Tap and their record company Polymer, who banned the release of their final album '**Smell The Glove**' for reasons of a sexist nature. As guitarist **Nigel Tuffnell** was captured on film as saying, "What could be sexist about a cover showing a naked girl on all fours with a dog collar around her neck, sniffing a black leather glove?!"

1986

Riot, the US rock band, reform. For the moment, the group are keeping their cards pretty close to their chests, but it is known that guitarist **Mark Reale** and drummer **Sandy Slavin** both figure in the line-up. A year later, the band will collapse once again, leaving just Mark Reale to pick up the pieces. But he will eventually sign the band to CBS and release a mostly Thrash-inspired album.

The **Hear 'N' Aid** project, Heavy Metal's answer to **Band Aid/USA For Africa**, is released on the Vertigo label in the UK on April 11. Titled '**Stars**' and co-written by **Ronnie James Dio** (who also acted as producer), **Jimmy Bain** and **Vivian Campbell**, the song features guitar solos by a number of major artists including **Craig Goldie**, **Brad Gillis**, **Neal Schon**, **George Lynch**, **Yngwie J Malmsteen**, **Carlos Cavazo**, **Adrian Smith** and **Dave Murray**. As well as the Hear 'N' Aid single, Vertigo will also issue an accompanying album.

JAMES HETFIELD: opens wide for incoming kamikaze skateboard (just out of shot)

1987

Metallica guitarist/vocalist **James Hetfield** is injured in a skateboard accident. For the second time in less than a year, Hetfield falls off his board and breaks his arm. Treatment for this injury will entail the insertion of a steel pin in the arm, which will have to be kept in place for some time. Fortunately the injury has no lasting effect on Hetfield's career.

Twisted Sister recruit drummer **Joe Franco** to replace the recently-departed **AJ Pero**. Franco, a former member of the **Good Rats**, the **Ladder** and **Fiona**'s band, will join his new colleagues in the studio shortly when the band begin work on a new album '**Love Is For Suckers**' – their last before splitting up.

1988

'70s rockers **Wishbone Ash** stop hassling the DHSS pension counter and reform to record an all-instrumental album for the new No Speak label entitled '**Nouveau Calls**'. The band features the classic line-up of guitarists **Andy Powell** and **Ted Turner**, bassist **Martin Turner** and drummer **Steve Upton**.

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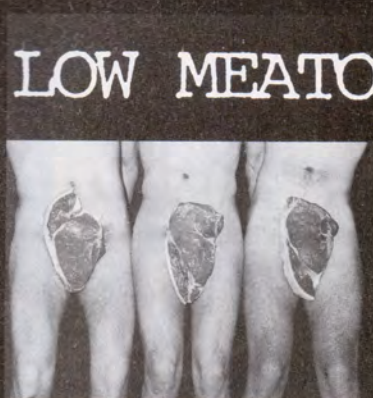

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The Trouser·Press
New York

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ROCKETT...YEAH!

He's back. . . and he's bad! Yep, after years spent languishing in rock's wilderness, the neo-legendary GARTH ROCKETT, together with his mega backing band THE MOONSHINERS, has returned! Following a storming comeback gig at Southport Floral Hall, the mainman has embarked on what can only be termed 'a mega global tour of the North-West of England'. DAVID GALBRAITH talks to this Metal titan and wonders. . . doesn't he bear a passing resemblance to some bloke called IAN GILLAN?

HE HAS A shocking taste for gold lamé jackets, red trousers and gold shoes, but you can't fault his ability to organise a good lig.

Here I am at the very first press conference held by one of Britain's brightest young vocal hopefuls Garth Rockett, who, together with his band the Moonshiners, recently set the rock world alight with a stunning gig at Southport Floral Hall that had the superlatives oozing from my typewriter and right into the mighty *Kerrang!* Koncertz pages.

Yup, Rockett knows how to throw a party. We're actually *encouraged* to visit the free bar . . . *guided* to the buffet tables. Garth Rockett doesn't believe in doing things by halves.

Which is probably why he doesn't half look like Ian Gillan . . .

Having drunk some drink and eaten some eats while waiting for my 'turn' with pencil, pad and searching questions, it became more and more obvious that Gillan (yes, it is actually him) was thoroughly enjoying himself with this alter-ego Rockett character.

His manager, he would have us believe, runs a fish and chip shop, and Rockett only got into rock 'n' roll in order to further a career in movies that should ultimately and eventually take him to Hollywood. He's invented a whole biography for this figment and he's loving every minute of it.

Until it comes to my turn . . .

"Apparently," Garth Rockett begins, "Ian Gillan was sitting at home one day and he knew that he was going to be allowed a great deal of spare time within Deep Purple's writing and recording schedules. So he turned to me and he said, 'Garth, what are you going to do with all this time off?', and . . . um . . . Do you mind if we lapse into seriousness for a bit?"

Not at all. How did all this really come together?

"Well, it all started off just before Christmas. I knew I had a load of free time coming up and I was talking to my manager about how great it would be to find a bunch of musicians who were already doing their own music but who wouldn't mind forming a kind of liaison in the anticipated time that I'm going to get off from Purple this year.

"I wanted some folks that I could turn to and say, 'Right, I've got six weeks off between sessions. We don't need to rehearse, we all know the songs, let's stick some shows together'.

"Well we talked about this for a day or two but we couldn't envisage any musicians being up for it, so it was put on one side for a while.

"Not long after, I mentioned the idea to Phil Easton (ex-Radio City rock presenter) and he said that he knew just the people I was looking for. We were having a drink together at the time and we didn't mention it again, but in the morning I gave him a ring and asked him if he really did think he knew someone who'd be into the idea. He then put me in touch with Steve Morris in Liverpool."

STEVE WAS the guitarist and chief songwriter with Export, one of Liverpool's brightest hopes during the NWOBHM. Together with Rage they were the only rock exponents in Merseyside to get a recording contract during the early '80s. Steve got Export's drummer, Lou Fosenthall, and vocalist/rhythm guitarist Harry Shaw involved in the project; recruited Keith Mulholland from Rage onto bass and brought youngster Mark 'Maniac' Buckle in from the Quest on keyboards.

By sheer coincidence, Harry Shaw's son, Andy, used to be the vocalist in the now-defunct Quest, but it wasn't this connection that brought Steve and Mark together. Instead, Mark was recommended for the project by Max Bacon (ex-GTR) who was working with Mark at the time and is a long-standing friend of Steve Morris.

"Steve came down to my house," continues Gillan, "and we sat around in my studio listening to records and tapes from which we eventually decided upon a set list. We decided not to play any Purple. That would kind of defeat the object of it . . ."

And thus, the Garth Rockett And The Moonshiners project was born, kicking and screaming, with a secret show at the Southport Floral Hall.

"Ha! That was supposed to be a big secret, a sort of public rehearsal with no advance publicity. News got about *so* quickly, and not just in Merseyside, either. Tony Iommi even rang me up from Birmingham to find out if it was true!

"Everywhere I went there were people coming up to me asking about this show.

"In the end," he laughs, "it went really well. It sold out with some three weeks to go."

Ian looks happy as he recalls that evening.

"I don't care what anyone else may tell you, but one of the great things about working a small venue is the fact that you can actually *smell* the crowd. You can't beat the smell of an audience and I don't want to go anywhere with air-conditioning on this tour."

Ah, yes. The tour. Garth Rockett And The Moonshiners will, by the time you read this, be in the midst of a short jaunt entitled the Mega Global Tour Of The North West. That's right, Ian's playing the North West only, opening at Wigan Stairways and visiting world famous venues like the Morecambe Gardens. Shows in the South may follow in due course.

GARTH ROCKETT: the highlight of his set is a cover version of the Lonnie Donegan classic 'Brazos'

I LOOK at Ian fixedly with my one good eye and ask the question I've been dying to ask all day. What do the other members of Purple think about all this?

"I don't think they know."

But they're bound to find out eventually, I counter. How do you *expect* them to react?

"With mild disdain, I shouldn't wonder. Please, don't . . . um . . . misrepresent me in this. Deep Purple, by all terms of logical argument shouldn't exist. It *could not* exist given the five personalities. If you take a manager and a record producer and tell them to go out and get five professional musicians and put them together, you could never, ever come up with something like Purple.

"Take a writing session, for example, Ritchie (Blackmore) and Roger (Glover) live in the States, our management office is in Greenwich, Connecticut, Ian (Paice) and Jon (Lord) live in Henley and I live in Milton Keynes. A writing session is a *major* event, it's like a world tour, y'know? It takes at least three transatlantic air tickets just to get together and write.

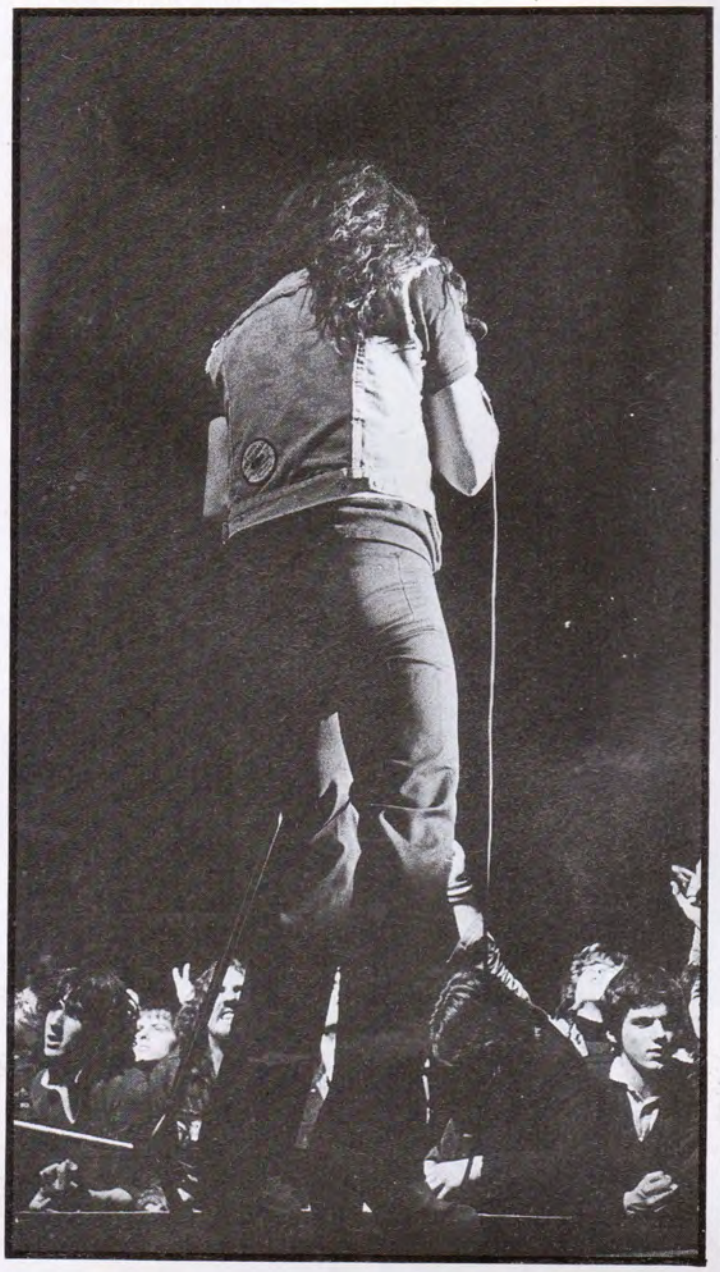
"Deep Purple are the most important band I've ever been involved with. I live and die for Purple, so bringing the Garth Rockett persona into this project is, if you like, a mark of respect for Purple. I think that the other guys have a very clear idea, collectively, about what Purple should be about and I think they'll feel I'm being mischievous. I'm not; I don't want to confuse the issue, annoy the band, or be in any way disruptive.

"Like I said, I'd live and die for Deep Purple but it's not *all* of life y'know? I'm not the type to sit around half the year waiting for a 'phone call from the rest of the band. I *like* being on stage; no, Garth Rockett likes being on stage. He wants to be a film star, you know."

I wonder aloud if, like Steven

KONTINUEZ OVER

GARTH LAPS up the adulation from frantic fans at a packed Wigan Stairways



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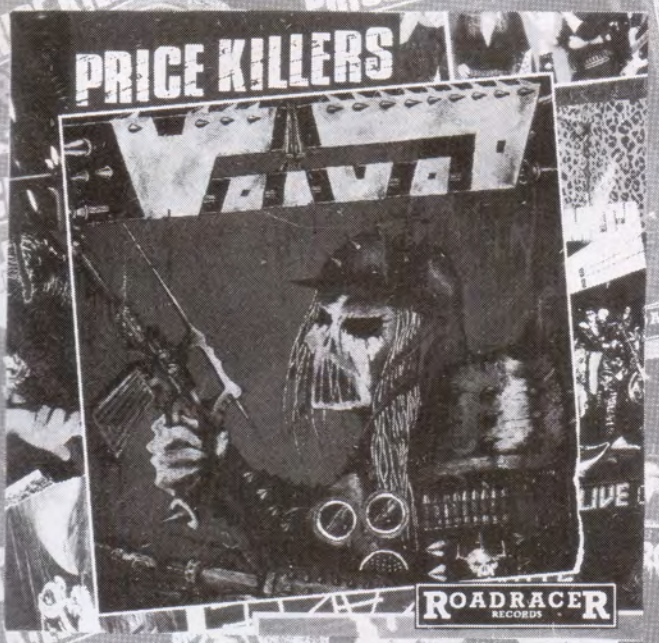

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ROCKETT
FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

King when he started writing as Richard Bachman, Gillan wanted to know if he could 'do it again', so to speak?

He ponders. "Nah, I *know* I could do it again. Instead I'm relearning a lot of what I've forgotten. Finding again that which I've missed so much."

He pauses and takes a deep breath.

"It's like searching for and finding an old lover. I really want that *emotional* contact that you can only get when an audience is right (Gillan puts his hand vertically in front of his face) THERE. Right there where they used to be years ago. That's what I'm after.

"What it boils down to from a personal point of view, strictly personal, is that you learn very quickly in this business, if you've any brains at all that there are sycophants everywhere and they'll never say anything to upset you and they'll always tell you what they *think* you want to hear.

"There are a lot of people who have been told that they're great for a very long time, but they've never gone back to refresh themselves, to refine their art in the type of place that taught them their craft in the first place. That's what Garth Rockett is doing for me, he's helping me to relearn what it's all about."

IAN AND I take five minutes discussing just what 'what it's all about' means. It means being able to pick a face in the audience, preferably pretty, with whom to promote some gentle banter. It means, during the days when Yugoslavia was into punk, about three years after the rest of Europe, getting down in to the crowd and kicking shit out of the spitters (on live television) before managing, with uncanny timing, to get back on stage just as the guitar solo finished.

If Ian Gillan had been at the Derby Assembly Rooms the night they knocked the wall down with their heads (seriously) he swears he'd have offered himself as a battering ram.

But back to the matter in hand. Will Garth Rockett And The Moonshiners ever cut some plastic?

Gillan becomes animated: "Sure, I want to. I'd like to do an album with them, yes. But, you know, it'd be pretty frightening too. After all, this would be the very first Ian Gillan solo material. Gillan, the band, was a five-way thing; it was a 'real' band financially split five ways. This would be *solo* and that, after all this time in the business, is a little frightening, yes."

In my live review, I hinted that 'Brazos' might be a single pretty soon, at least on the strength of the grapevine.

"Yeah, right. I'm glad you brought that up because I want to state something on the record for this one.

"'Brazos' is a song that I recorded with Roger Glover, in the studio in the basement of his house, just before Christmas. It's a song that we found on an early Lonnie Donegan album although it was written by that well known circumvention of the Preforming Rights Society's ground-rules: 'Trad'.

"We'd been talking about recording it for ages because Roger is *very much* involved with this song. And it came about that I was staying at his and about to return to England when Roger suddenly freaked and shouted that we hadn't recorded this 'Brazos' thing. He quickly arranged some sequencers and I came down and put a really croaky vocal on it. I ended up bringing the tape back to Britain and that was it, it was supposed to be something 'in the bank', so to speak, for maybe next year or the year after, another Gillan/Glover album.

"I played it to a couple of people including Steve Morris and Phil Easton and they both suggested that Garth should play it live. And a very drunken audience in Southport confirmed their judgement.

"The thing is that I don't want Roger to think I've gone behind his back on this one, it's just that the song was waking me up at nights and *demanding* to be sung. What with a new Purple album in the pipeline and Roger's other production commitments meaning that any other Gillan/Glover project was quite a way off, well, I hope Roger doesn't mind but it's a song that demands to be heard and I'm going to use it in the shows.

"As to recording it," Ian rubs a hand over his forehead, "I don't really know, but if it does come out either on a Garth Rockett album or a Gillan/Glover album, you can rest assured that it'll be marked 'arranged Gillan/Glover'."

GARTH ROCKETT: "I tried to ring Ritchie Blackmore the other day, but he couldn't come to the phone. He was washing his cat. . ."

PURPLE, OF course, have just signed a new recording deal with BMG/RCA/Arista, so what'll be the Moonshiners' label?

"I don't really know, Purple have left Polydor for BMG and, well, I had difficulty with Virgin Records because of my commitments. After I finished with the Gillan band I joined Black Sabbath for a year and then Purple reformed and it was murder because I wasn't delivering any product to Virgin.

"So when I came up with the Gillan/Glover thing I went back to them and I walked into the office and I didn't recognise a *single* face. I'm not blaming anyone, but there was just a sort of incompatibility. In the face of all that I just wrote a letter to Richard Branson and said something like, 'I guess we don't love each other any more. I'm off . . .'.

"Virgin were really good about it," Ian recalls.

"But back to the BMG thing. One of the conditions of the deal was that we sign as a band, as Deep Purple, and also as five individuals. I rejected that clause for the highest motives. It just seemed to me that, if I wanted to do a project like the Garth Rockett thing and it was in the same year as Purple were working, then there might be a conflict of interests in having both projects on the same label. I'm the only one who didn't sign to BMG individually."

Interesting, particularly in the light of the recent 'Rainbow reformation' rumours . . .

"Yeah, I think it'd be great if Ritchie put Rainbow back together. Right from the early days of the Concerto and my doing 'Jesus Christ Superstar' we've all thrived on what I'll call extra curricular activities.

"As for Rainbow reforming? I don't know, although I do believe that Ritchie's been working with . . . um . . . Joe Lynn Turner recently on a few little ideas. I should stress, however, that I got that information from a couple of blokes in the boozer and not from Ritchie himself.

"I tried to ring Ritchie just the other day, in fact," Ian tells me with a devilish grin which develops into a chuckle. "He couldn't come to the 'phone. Or so I was told. He was washing his cat . . ."

Well, that's a little bit more original than washing your hair . . .

"If you're going to talk to me about Ritchie and hair," laughs Gillan, "perhaps you'd better turn that tape recorder off right now!"

Click!

NUKE DUKES

In a completely gardenin' accident-free rocket fuelled report, RAY ZELL gets bizzy with yoghurt yobbos WRATHCHILD, and learns the sad, sad truth about ROCKY SHADES' 'suspect grubby sporty footwear'

THE UNACCEPTED is now accepted. Oooh, I remember a time, children, when Wrathchild's Glam bam, gaudy 'n' bawdy approach was deemed either darin' or dumb. But *never* 'accepted'. The lipstick, the studs, the leather, the chains . . . the yoghurt! (Anyone remember the yoghurt?)

Yet since the Evesham 'erberts' 'return' late last year they've found that they are no longer the only rainbow coloured trout in the river. Fins had changed (ahem!)! Rocky, Eddie, Marc 'n' Lance heard fishy 'Tailz of love-boys Tigery, Tattooed and otherwise.

Eight years these X-rated *Beano* characters have been Stakk Attakkin' 'n' Biz Sukkin', havin' been spared the metabolic menace of spontaneous combustion and the death worse than fate of bizarre gardenin' accidents.

But, hey, enough of my yakkin', da boyz have a new single, 'Nuklear Rokket', with accompanyin' vid blazin' a trail to yer unwittin' senses. Howzabout we steal a few sentiments from 'em?

"Every location we filmed at in London there were about 200 kids," explains Rocky Shades, the very item of his surname shieldin' his peepers. "And the people at each location followed us to the next one even though we didn't tell them where it was! By the final location, which was Big Ben, there was a horrendous amount of people! So we got loads of 'em on video!"

"Loads of women everywhere!" brags guitarist, Lance Rocket.

Women as well as your regular fans, I taunt?

"Yeahhh," confirms drummer Eddie Starr, ". . . loads of oral sex!"

Rocky: "Bruce Dickinson does actually appear in the video in drag, as a CND protester with a 'give peace a chance' sign which he hits lads over the head with."

Lance: "Bruce wrote the script as well as directing it . . ."

ER, I INTERJECT, bein' somewhat uninformed at that time about Mr Dickinson's part in this. We're not talkin' about the bloke out of Little Angels are we?

"No," enlightens Lance, ". . . the bloke out of Iron Maiden."

Oh, the *real* one.

"COME ON ZELL!" erupts Eddie. "GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER YOU MUTHAF**KER!"

Pic Ray Palmer

WRATHCHILD: "Never open discarded Tupperware dishes. . . "

"Yesss," returns Rocky in Benny Hill 'sirry irriot' fashion, "Bruce 'The Fencer' Dickinson! We'd talked to him about doing it at the Christmas MTV bash, and he was real excited. He even invited us down to his house to arrange it all."

Was he after a support or somethin'?

"No," replies Rocky, "he was lookin' for any excuse to wear a blue wig and a flowery dress!"

Where will we be seein' the video, asks the Zell in his bestest interviewer voice?

"On the radio, Ray," booms our Rocky. "Where the f**k do ya *think* you'll be seeing it! And hopefully," he says, eyebrows twitchin' *à la* Groucho Marx, "on *Kerrang!* Kompilation Video Four! Watch out for it!

"ANNNND," he exclaims, with finger shootin' up to express the point like a 'na-na-nahh nuklear rokket', "we're also working on the new, 'NEW' album! But it's so secret nobody knows about it! You thought 'The Biz Suxx' album was really good – all the new stuff's better! And," he says tappin his crotch, ". . . I speak from the heart."

But did they have sleepless nights awaitin' the all-important 'Biz Suxx' reviews? Rocky, as usual, takes the reins.

"We thought, if they're truthful, they'll love it. If they're out to bring us down – we'd have probably gone straight out the window. But we got great reviews from everyone. The lead-in reviews in fact! And it wasn't a case of bein' up their arses every second of the day, it was on pure merit.

"Look," says Rocky, as he purposefully removes his shades, "truth-talk now . . .

"There was an element of doubt. Certain people (evidently some geezer and his hair specialist . . .?!) were sayin' we'd blown it. But we got the strength from the fans rather than from ourselves. We got a bit downhearted, but they kept tellin' us we'd got something . . . and so we went to the special clinic about it!" he blurts. "Just a quick sexual innuendo there to help *Kerrang!* sell a few more copies.

ANYWAY, WE went through a phase when we were just churning out fairly average songs and we thought we'd lost the thread a bit, and then we hit on the 'Biz Suxx' collection. When we got in the studio we knew we had a solid foundation – but we didn't know it was gonna turn out *that* good! We were well chuffed! And the fans love the new stuff as much as the songs from ('84's) 'Stakk Attakk'. They even demand stuff from the aeons old 'Stackheel Strutt' EP, 'Rock The City Down', 'Teenage Revolution' . . .! (Calm down, Geoff!)

"All we need now (pause for the fanfare . . .) is a major label. We're sick to the back teeth of 'em jugglin' us about and then saying, 'We-e-ell, we're not quite sure . . .'. It goes on and on. We've been that (displays merest fraction of air between finger 'n' thumb) far away from major record deals . . . and then they let us down at the last minute. The latest excuse is that we've only been going since last November, which is how they view us, and they ask us what have we done. I'll tell ya what we've done – we've packed out everywhere we've played and the album's gone f**kin' crazy!

"The most important thing is – we're free. We are open to major offers. A lot of people think we're still tied down, but that's why we went through all that legal stuff – *not* to be tied down! We can leave FM/Revolver tomorrow!"

Do ya wanna talk about Tigertailz or the Tattooed L . . .

"No," is the blunt single syllable which echoes around the dressin' room.

It's acknowledged that Wrathchild helped 'pave the way', but don't you think it's a healthier time for you what with there suddenly being a more receptive audience for 'showy' rock? Rocky's key is already in the ignition:

"Everybody expects you to have the competitive edge. I mean, we go to our local rock club, Edwards No 8, and they always have these big annual bashes at Easter or whatever and it's the same old bands. It's like a roundabout, and they keep trying to put us on that roundabout, but we won't have it. We don't wanna be categorised with anyone. We don't wanna be called 'Glam' this or 'Trash' that – we're just us."

HEREAFTER, BOOZERS, the interview degenerated into a scramble of in-jokes, insults, innuendo and occasional information:

Rocky on Wrathchild dressin' room hygiene: "Never open discarded Tupperware dishes or drink from beer cans left standin' on the floor!"

Rocky on wearin' suspect grubby sporty footwear: "I couldn't move around in heels, I like to leap in the crowd . . . and I'm not gonna let the audience nick my nice boots, am I?"

Rocky on tourin' with W.A.S.P. back in '84: "We upset W.A.S.P. by using a couple of effects at the Lyceum, cos they said 'no effects'! Which resulted in a bit of damage. Remember my flaming axe? (Calm down, Geoff!!) And ya know W.A.S.P. had their logo in mirror letters? We-e-ll, if ya put a flame under a mirror it goes black . . . I think they played that gig under the name W.A.P.!

"And in St Albans, Chris Holmes was telling us the usual macho American stuff about shooting things with his M16 up in the Rockies. Afterwards he says to Lance, 'Do you wear your make-up all the time?', and Lance says, 'Course I do', then Chris says, 'Oh . . . I find it makes my skin dry up!!!'.

"Ray," says Rocky, as he pulls 'imself up from the sofa, "it's been great talkin' to ya, and I mean that sincerely. You've had yer interview . . . NOW F**K OFF!"

Charmin'.

REKORDZ

K: Kakk! KK: Khronik! KKK: Kapable! KKKK: Kerrackin'! KKKKK: Kataklysmik!

SONIC BOOM BOYS

THE CULT
'Sonic Temple'
(Beggars Banquet BEGA 98)
KKKK

"WE NEEDED to do both 'Love' and 'Electric' to get the balance right, where we totally know our strengths and weaknesses, where we know what we're good at and what we're shit at." (Ian Astbury, *Kerrang!* 231)

I was smiling after falling into 'Love'. Their second album was an achievement, an identity that swept most of the competition aside with the ice skating likes of 'Rain' and '(She Sells) Sanctuary'. Astbury screamed sex and Duffy shoved his scathing guitar lines in your face, a heavily British album that confused America.

When 'Electric' emerged under its heap of Aerosmith riffs, the Cult were something pedestrian again. Many patted Astbury on the head and turned away. So now Ian was a West Coast biker? The Cult simply AC/DC?

The Cult needed 'Sonic Temple' to establish just who the hell the Cult are. We all needed 'Sonic Temple'.

The Cult's fourth album is a collision between everything that has ever made their music important. From psychedelia to patchouli, rock 'n' roll to rebel anthems, sneering to sensual, old songs in new clothes to naked plagiarism, 'Sonic Temple' is something mountainous and something memorable.

If the single 'Fire Woman' reassured those expecting a return to the Cult's former glory then the album will not disappoint. However, if producer Bob Rock shold take credit for anything it must be for taking the Cult and twisting the strands of their music into one consistent sound that embraces both the past and present. As the album jump-starts into 'Sun King', this is indeed the sound of the Cult on a new lease of life.

As 'American Horse' slides close to 'Rain', Astbury wracking his larynx and forcing his voice across the slimmest of melodies, I'm smiling again to the Cult. From 'Fire Woman's exuberance to the graceful towering framework of the semi-acoustic 'Edie (Ciao Baby)' I'm smiling. With the ballad's violins and heartbreaking guitar it remains 'Sonic Temple's outstanding track. Side Two, however, is the Cult in their role of '70s rock pirates. If both 'New York City' and 'Automatic Blues' could be Blue Öyster Cult circa 'Black Blade', injected as they are with Astbury's testicle-breaking voice, then 'Soul Asylum' is 'Kashmir'. 'Wake Up Time For Freedom', with its air-punching intro and chorus complete with cowbell and an old Bad Company book of failsafe powerchord progressions, is 'Sonic Temple's parting shot and the closest the Cult get to admitting their influences.

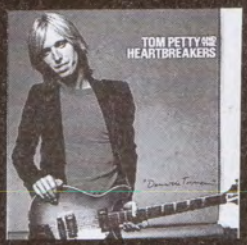
'Sonic Temple' is certainly the Cult's most dynamic album to date. *'Ain't no sucker, I ain't no fool'*, Astbury sings, and damn him if he doesn't know who the Cult are today. CHRIS WATTS

THE CULT: mountainous, memorable, testicle-breaking

Pic Ray Palmer

Lynyrd Skynyrd Pronounced Leh-nerd Skin-nerd

The Who Who's Last



Tom Petty Damn The Torpedos

Gary Moore Back On The Streets

Krucial klassic CDs

'MOTHSTERS OF ROCK

HELPLESS
'Racing Into The Future'
(The Record Company TRC 008 import)

KKKK

FROM THE team that brought you the extremely katchy 'Pop Heavy' EP last year now komes their full-blown debut album, 'Racing Into The Future'.

But hang on a moment I hear you kry, just who the hell are Helpless? Well gi'us half a mo and I'll explain.

If I'm not mistaken Helpless (great name innit!) hail from the Valencia area of Spain and have been doing the rounds locally for a few years now, tearing up the klubs and bars of Spain with their unique brand of heavy Glam Pop!

As debuts go 'Racing Into The Future' is a very brave attempt at trying something new and original, and even if their kommand of the Queen's English is still in its infancy, it's the music that kounts.

If you kan imagine Cheap Trick krossed with Kiss and the odd hint of T Rex thrown in for good measure, then you'll have a pretty good idea of how Helpless sound.

High spots inklude the opener 'Restless', real good driving rokk 'n' roll with some tasty playin' from vokalist/geetarist Juan Bodi, the brain behind Helpless' toons.

'Mother Is Crying' is more in the Ratt vein with nice thumping bass from Pepe Carceller (sounds like a beer, dunnit?!), then it's Ratt-style riffs all the way!

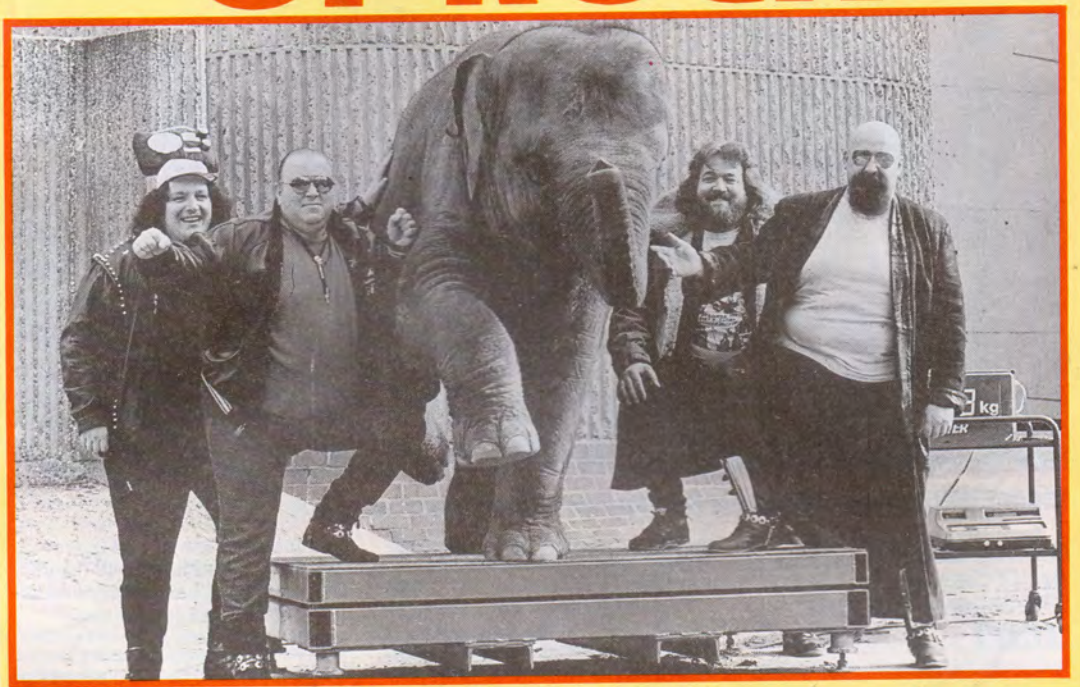
If it's ballads you krave, then look no further than 'Fool For Your Love' which originally surfaced on the aforementioned 'Pop Heavy' EP, this track showing a moodier side to the band.

But it's 'Written On The Wall' that had me awarding this album four Ks.

This song is katchy as hell, sorta Kiss meets Cheap Trick, with great driving geetars, groovy bass and an extremely katchy khorus.

If given the right promotional push this song kould be a huge single in Amerika or Germany, where the kids would go apeshit for this sorta sound – it certainly sends a shiver down my bakk!

XAVIER RUSSELL



MAMMOTH: with new nimble-fingered keyboard player (centre)

MAMMOTH
'Mammoth'
(Jive HIP 56)

KKKK

I KINDA knew that these rock 'n' roly-polies were gonna hafta live up to their woolly-bully monicker and pack a punch with their paunch. But Mammoth's attack strategy flew at me straight outta the sun.

The surprise is in how they don't so much stomp the point across, as channel the power into melody and carefully-crafted plump hooklines. And, er. . . it's not a totally unappealin' surprise as it turns out.

Sure, the 'eavy rockin' percentage is a bit thin on the ground, but the album bein' fat with fastidiously beautiful balladic content nudges the affair pretty close to balancin' up the scales. Somewhere deep in the blubber is a passionate heart pumpin' blood into conspicuously hidden muscle.

Take 'Can't Take The Hurt', 'Dark Star' and 'Bad Times' fer instance, all glarin' yet transparent reflections on rejection. Guaranteed to hit you where it hurts. . .

All comfy an' cosy next to the ample side-salad is the meat 'n' potatoes. The 'meat' in the choice-cut form of 'Bet You Wish'; as sassy a stomper as a rhino with Aerosmith spillin' from its Walkman, nicely bitch-bitchy without actually admittin' to anythin' so claws-out effeminate. And former 45, the pro-portly 'Fatman', which Nicky Moore really makes a meal out of, his larynx deliverin' like a razor-blade that refuses to die; rusty with a killer edge. A real punch-in-the-air-with-yer-podgy-fist anthem this 'un. . . if you overlook the sneakin' thinism undertones!

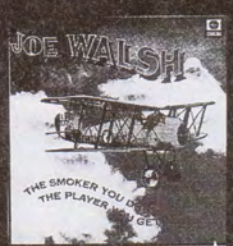
Whereas the 'potatoes', sadly, are somewhat overdone; 'Long Time Coming' is basically a long time ending, a cumbersome boulder of a spud. And culminator 'Home From The Storm', Rich in Blackmore an' Deep in Purple (sorry, I couldn't resist. . . !), somehow saves itself from pretentious epic proportions (or do I mean 'portions'?), yet still stands as a cold mountain of mash when the album coulda spoiled us with a large french-fries for its finale.

Still, elsewhere we have 'All The Days' and '30 Pieces Of Silver' which act as fine dressings if used liberally.

All in all, a truly fine debut, hardly, considerin' the Mammoth 'image', the tongue-in-chubby-cheek rock-out I'd imagined. But only four Ks? Hey, we're talkin' four muscular little buggers!

Muscles of love.

RAY 'THINMAN' ZELL



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LIKE A VIRGIN

VIRGIN STEELE's David DeFeis and Eddy Pursino: still commanding respect

VIRGIN STEELE
'Age Of Consent'
(SPV 08-4604 import)

K K K

ONCE UPON a time Virgin Steele threatened to break though in a big way with their fiery brand of 'classic' Metal. Singer David DeFeis and crew are as serious about what they stand for as fellow New Yorkers Manowar. The difference of course is that Manowar, often accused of being nothing more than a comedy act, have a major label deal, whereas VS don't.

Amazingly Virgin Steele still command a healthy amount of respect from European Metalheads, who remember the early days with Jack Starr in the guitarist's spot (he was replaced by Edward Pursino who recorded 'Noble Savage' with the band nearly three years ago).

'Age Of Consent', the band's fourth album, sees VS go for a more commercial approach than previously, and does actually make the group less pretentious as a result.

The record tends to veer between generic Metal – like 'On The Wings Of The Night' and 'We Are Eternal' – that frankly could be any one of a number of bands, to more noble-sounding VS stuff more in tune with what the group are all about.

It's the likes of 'Chains Of Fire', 'The Burning Of Rome', 'Lion In Winter' and 'Tragedy' that warm the heart, proving that Virgin Steele are still a viable proposition. A song like 'Tragedy', for example, goes back to the band's roots, and the excellent 'The Burning Of Rome' bears a masterful delivery and is a bloody good song to boot.

But it has to be 'Lion In Winter' that must take top honours. A subject close to the noble heart of David DeFeis, it brings out the animal in him. Delivered at a fairly frantic pace it sees the band motoring in a style much akin to classic UFO.

Although I could've done without the fairly immature 'Seventeen', a song that tells of the lust rock singer seems to have for young bimbos (grow up man – they have to be 18 these days!), and the predictable 'big' ballad in the uneventful form of 'Cry Forever', it's good to see that the Virgin Steel boyz are still hanging in there.

DAVE REYNOLDS

BANG TANGO
'Live Injection'
(World Of Hurt WEP 1000 import)

K K K K

'LIVE INJECTION' is, as the title suggests, a six-track live album released as a taster for Bang Tango's first studio effort later this year on Mechanix/MCA. If this sounds very similar to what Guns N' Roses did then you won't be surprised to learn that Bang Tango, rightly or wrongly, are looked upon as being one of the first (of no doubt many) bands to be signed from the currently in-vogue 'street attitude' trend that's sweeping the States in the wake of you know who's success.

I can't really decide whether Bang Tango are better than Guns N' Roses or not. GN'R have wider reaching commercial tunes, and they also have a cockier, admittedly better singer in W Axl Rose. Bang Tango offer a heavier, Metal style, but at this stage, on this live album, they piss all over what was on 'Live . . . Like A Suicide'.

Bang Tango offer first-rate grunge Metal, and if vocalist Joe Leste doesn't match up to Axl then he sure as hell tries to emulate Shark Island's Richard Czerny Black. For fans of great, mucky rock 'n' roll this record is an essential purchase; the production alone knocks your head off.

Recorded live in Hollywood (probably at the Whisky) Side One kicks off with the alcoholic haze of 'Push To Shove', staggers through a Hanoi cover in the fine form of 'Futerama' and ends with the cracking 'Love Injection', a track already previewed on the recent 'Street Survivors' compilation.

Over on Side Two things get more stikki, Nikki – just get a load of the introduction:

*'Some people do what they're told and there's some people who just don't give a f**k!'*. Very LA! 'Do What You're Told' then plunges forward based around the funky bass lines of Kyle Kyle, added to rabid guitar work from the highly competitive Mark Knight and Kyle Stevens.

And then 'Watch Her Slide', where the song wraps its shapely pins tightly around that bass and starts to grind. Look out for the *très* amusing 'Welcome To The Jungle'-sounding middle section where the band have left themselves wide open for cries of 'Rip off!'.

'Live Injection' actually leaves the best 'til last as 'I'm No Stranger' comes across like a fantastic cross between Ratt, Shark Island and Guns. A big, more contemporary Metal sound that's hard, heavy and thoroughly enjoyable. Get those imaginary scarved mikestands out right now, chaps and chapesses!

Bang Tango: a name on everyone's lips this year? Highly likely.

DAVE REYNOLDS

SITTIN' PRETTY
'Sittin' Pretty'
(Denim SP 004 import)

K K

IT REALLY ain't my week is it? Every new rock record I review always seems to glare right back at me with something that I immediately perceive as more than a bit naffo! I mean, take Sittin' Pretty for example. Not only do we have a name of preposterously awful proportions, but we also have an album sleeve that features a typically luscious American lass revealing a whole lotta thigh as she steps out of a posh car.

It's a shame really, because Sittin' Pretty, while hardly being the greatest band in the cosmos, do at least have *some* idea of what it's all about. Their sound revolves around mid-tempo stompers that nod in a direction that's somewhere between Aerosmith and Ratt. Not too bad a starting point but there's a desperate lack of flair in the grooves, nothing that really yanks the tunes up by the scruff of the neck and sticks them firmly in your face! And the cause is hardly helped by the hackneyed vocal delivery of vocalist Tommy Lee (no, of course it ain't *that* Tommy Lee!). The man's more than happy singing songs about 'Rock 'n' Roll Boys' and 'Small Town Girls' (I kid you not), and while some can get away with such drivel, Tommy ain't one of 'em!

The only number that really says anything musically happens to be called 'Sweet Sweet Love', which tells you all you need to know about the lyrical input.

This record ain't gonna do Sittin' Pretty any favours and frankly, for all the endeavour, it's gonna turn out to be nothing more than a waste of their time!

HOWARD JOHNSON

OBITUARY
'Slowly We Rot'
(Roadracer advance tape)

K K K

THE PROBLEM confronting Obituary is that they are indeed churning up unholy ground too many bands before them have made a career of scratching. The benchmarks are plain to see; Bathory, Kreator and fellow Floridians Death.

They're a young band, probably rather limited in musical scope, but definitely trying to squeeze one last smidgeon of visceral originality out of this tried and true formula. In many ways, the intent seems none too far removed from Tom Warrior's Hellhammer or circa-'Morbid Tales' Celtic Frost.

Give 'em another album or two and Obituary could have it in them to verge on the so-called *avant-garde*. Guitarists Alan West and Trevor Peres lay down a strangely textured acid-bath blitz completely unlike any other unit going. Guitar lines shimmer with pulsing, savage electricity betwixt metronomic polarisation, and are at their most brutal with slowish, death dirges like ''Til Death' or the title track.

Vocalist John Tardy outdoes even the magnificent Chuck Schuldiner of Death in the death-grunt department. He's the sort of snarler who not only swallows glass for kicks, but washes it down with battery acid before happily asking for more.

It's forcefully apparent these true to form Death Metallists have little aspiration to graduate from underground status. Granted, this debut album is among the strongest eight tracks committed to vinyl in recent memory, although it could benefit from far stronger production . . maybe 16-track next time, guys?

On closer inspection, Obituary ain't some watered down version of Death. Give these youngsters a bit more time to develop and the results should be quite startling.

MIKE GITTER

MARCHELLO
'Destiny'
(CBS FZ 45096 import)

KKK

FORGIVE ME for my ignorance but I've yet to ascertain as to whether band leader Gene Marchello is the son, nephew or baby brother of former Good Rats main man Peppi Marchello, who has produced and written most of the album. But my money is on the former.

Obviously the connection with Peppi, who some may remember as the producer of the awful first Fiona album, has been a massive help to young Gene – how many aspiring singer/guitarists do you know who would dearly love a major record deal with the mighty CBS first time 'round?

To tell you the truth 'Destiny' is a pretty average affair, with Marchello's guitar playing being way stronger than his pretty tame vocals. The band, rounded off by keyboard player Gary Bivona, drummer John Miceli and bassist Nick DiMichino, do have a liking for melodic rock of the Rainbow, TNT and Van Halen ilk so there are times when the record does meander above mere background music.

As I said, Gene's voice isn't that strong but his guitar playing tends to take him close to the New Guitar Master bracket. His playing is well crafted and intelligent, but never really overpowering enough to call him a flash bastard.

Of the material on offer I tend to go for the likes of the TNT-style 'What If', the emotion-charged ballad 'First Love' and the rather Bon Jovi-like bite of 'Living For #1' as the best of the bunch. 'Love Begins Again' could be in contention due to its comparisons, mainly vocally, to Triumph.

The rest of the album is plain dullsville, especially the bloody awful 'Heavy Weight Champion Of Love' that has the most childish lyrics I've heard in ages. Needless to say it was Gene, and not Peppi, who was the guilty party responsible.

With stronger vocals and a more mature selection of songs Marchello could prove to be a hit. At this stage of the game, though, it's back to school.

DAVE REYNOLDS

CROM
'Wasteland'
(Claxton Records CX 1003)

KKK

FROM THE country of Spain, which is perhaps better known for its bullshit bull-fights than its Met-ull, Crom bring us a rather listenable, if unastonishing, conceptual piece.

The reasonably well-penned lyrics deal with the tale of King Arthur and Co's quest for the Holy Grail – a sound enough premise, but unfortunately for Python-ites the word 'ni' has been completely overlooked . . .

Hopefully though, this band won't be similarly ignored, as they do have one or two things to offer. They are, when all's said 'n' done, the best Spanish act I've heard, although I can count the others on the first finger of one hand!

Their intelligent usage of pacing, melody and acoustic/electric interchanges reminds me of Sanctuary minus the glass-shatterin' vocals of Warrel Dane, but it's as clear as that man's voice that Crom are neither as heavy nor as good at this point in time.

Some keyboards make their synthesised presence felt here and there on the disc, but aim only to enhance, and can be heard to best, punchy effect in 'The Chosen One'. Indeed, the whole affair's not without a modicum of class, but perhaps a tad too restrained in places as a result.

There's also a slight restraint on the production, which does lack some of the 'ooomph' required to slap the Metal consumer into money-over-the-counter submission. A good number of powerful moments do emerge however, and I think that Crom succeed in fabricating the necessarily 'epic' atmosphere for the occasion.

Let's just say that if the rain in Spain *does* fall mainly on the plain, then Crom could *probably* get away with boycotting the mackintosh.

JASON ARNOPP

SNFU
'Better Than A Stick In The Eye'
(Cargo CarOOI import)

KKKK

YEEEOOOOW!!! WHO's that assaulting the sweaty, ear to ear grin-plastered crowd with 12-foot inflatable whales? Who never seems to forget fun, that's right, FUN as a key ingredient in their aural freakshow? SNFU, that's who.

Probably the most exciting live act on the North American underground circuit, these Western Canadians have never really seemed comfortable on vinyl, a fact that certainly diminished the sheer punch of their last album.

'Better Than A Stick In The Eye' is certainly a step in the right direction. Altho' once again hindered by an average-at-best self-production (never a wise move, kiddies), the performances rendered by all five members do radiate the sort of wildfire energy exuded in their live performance.

Guitarists Brent and Mark toss up a slightly Metallic crunch not present on either their last effort or debut LP 'And No One Else Wanted To Play', adding a whole new dimension to SNFU's subtly melodic power-thrust.

Frontman Chi-Pig's chantalong, tongue in cheek vignettes show greater depth and vocal development than one would have previously supposed from his still somewhat one dimensional warbling. Only with the like of 'Tears' or SNFU's pumped-up rendition of Cat Stevens' 'Wild World' does he really shine, shaking off what seem like self-imposed, stylistic limitations.

SNFU are ideal role models for fledgling Hardcores not completely comfortable with the genre's harsher extremities. They're also proof-positive of evolution minus any sort wimp out factor – and yep, it certainly *is* better than a stick in the eye!

MIKE GITTER

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THEY STAND alone. Unique in their quest for musical perfection. Dream Theater have no boundaries. Their frontier terminates at the edge of infinity. Not surprisingly, yours truly has taken to this band like a fish to water.

They remind me of wonderfully complex '70s acts such as King Crimson, Emerson Lake And Palmer, Pavlov's Dog and Badger.

They have also drawn inspiration from such complex Metal acts as Rush, Kansas, Dixie Dregs and, unbelievably, Queensrÿche.

'When Dream And Day Unite', the Dream Theater debut, is a fascinating record. That there has been nothing similar to it released in the last 10 years makes it even more spectacular.

Their musical ability is faultless, they attempt rhythms that I previously thought never existed – drummer Mike Portnoy is seriously shaping up to snatch the crown of Neil Peart.

That they are as heavy as hell goes without saying. With Portnoy's fierce drumming and bassist John Myung laying down a concrete hard foundation, the guitar and keyboard interplay of John Petrucci and Kevin Moore take matters into a Techno Metal paradise.

Best of all, however, are the intense vocal gymnastics of singer Charlie Dominici, who can easily be compared to a spectacular combination of Steve Walsh (Kansas), Geoff Tate (Queensrÿche) and Geddy Lee (Rush).

IN 1985, WHILST studying at the world famous Berkeley college of music in Boston, three students – that's John Petrucci, John Myung and Mike Portnoy – formed an embryonic rock 'n' roll trio called Majesty.

Convinced that a career in rock 'n' roll was the thing for them, they returned, in December of that year, to their homes in Long Island and commenced a long and arduous quest to find a competent keyboard player.

They eventually commissioned Kevin Moore, an old friend of the band, who fitted their unique style like a dream come true.

The search was now on, of course, for a suitable vocalist.

After initially securing the services of a chap called Chris Collins, in the Autumn of 1987 he was replaced by current singer Charlie Dominici.

Thus Majesty locked themselves away and rehearsed religiously, undertaking the odd gig but concentrating in the main on making their music the best that it could be.

They even recorded what they now view as a rather primitive sounding four-track demo which garnered them solid fan interest in Germany. The first run of 1000 cassettes sold out within a few weeks!

As the band increased their fan following they suddenly became aware of several other groups scattered over America who were using the name of Majesty.

"It was really odd," drummer Mike Portnoy told me recently.

"There was this one group in Las Vegas that held the trademark to the name. They hadn't been gigging very much,

nor had they any product out, but they just wouldn't give up the name. We tried to buy it off them, but they still wouldn't let it go."

The name Dream Theater came from the lips of Mike's father, who lives in Monterey, California. He told the lads about a peculiar movie theatre he used to visit called, of all things, the Dream Theater. The name stuck.

SO, WITH a new set of demos in their pockets, in early 1988 they eventually came to the attention of the newly-formed Mechanic record label, a subsidiary of MCA. The label visited the band in rehearsal, liked what they saw, and offered Dream Theater a deal.

Immediately after the ink had dried, the band were packed off to Pennsylvania where they commenced recording with producer Terry Date (a fella who's worked in the past with Metal Church, Fifth Angel and Sanctuary).

Says Mike Portnoy: "It felt great, after spending years cutting demos on a four-track machine, to suddenly walk into a 48-track studio. The only real problem was that we had just three-and-a-half weeks in which to record the album, and I wish that we could have had just a few more days."

Frankly, to have recorded such a fine opus as 'When Dream And Day Unite' in such short space of time is absolutely incredible. Rush, who have been known to spend six months or more in the studio, would probably collapse in a fit of envy if they ever got to hear the Dream Theater project.

MIKE PORTNOY: heir to the Neil Peart throne

Incidentally, talking of Rush, it was none other than Terry Brown (an old Rush collaborator) who was drafted in to remix two of the album's tracks; that's 'After Life' and 'State Of Confusion'.

"Obviously we have great admiration for his work with Rush so it was particularly exciting for us to have him remix a couple of the songs," says Portnoy.

"Unfortunately we didn't get to meet him, we just spoke to him on the telephone and told him what sort of sound we were looking for, and he went away with the tapes and did it."

Weren't you afraid that using Terry might make the Rush comparisons a little too obvious?

"I see what you mean," Mike replies.

"However, the fact that he's done Rush didn't affect our decision to use him. Obviously we thought carefully about that, but for our kind of music he's probably the best guy to use. Anyway, even though a lot of people have made the Rush comparision, it's really a bit like saying that Anthrax sound like Metallica. We just work in the same area of music, that's all.

"I personally think that comparisons are a kind of compliment. We're very inspired by progressive rock of the early '70s, and when people spot that it makes us feel like we've actually achieved something worthwhile. Having said that, we don't go all out to recreate that sound exactly, we've intentionally recorded it in a very modern way just to be as contemporary as possible within the style.

"We grew up listening to old bands like Yes, Rush, Jethro Tull and ELP, and got completely immersed in their sound. The remarkable thing is that most styles of music tend to go around in cycles, so I think it's just about the right time for a sound like ours to make an impact."

Do you intentionally sit down to write songs in excess of five minutes?

"No, there's no element of 'Hey, let's turn this riff into an eight or nine-minute song'. You see, once we have the concept, we write the music to fit, so that it will last as long as it takes to make that particular statement.

"Actually," he goes on to elaborate, "we've just written a really long song, weighing in right now at just over 20 minutes. The working title is 'A Change Of Seasons' and it might very well end up filling the entire side of an album, who knows?"

Okay, do you go out of your way to write really complex arrangements?

"Again, the answer is no. Nothing is made intentionally complex. We just go with the mood, do what ever feels natural. Nobody goes out of his way to make a big impression, that's not what it's really all about."

And there you have it. Dream Theater: one of the most innovative bands in town.

BLACK SABBATH

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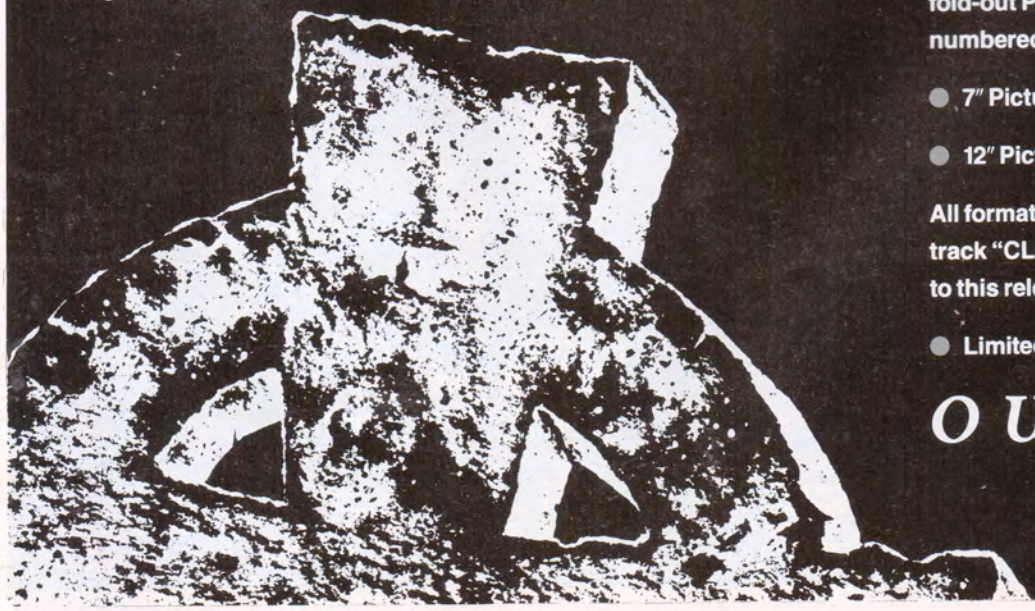

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SURVIVAL TACTICS

HOWARD JOHNSON boldly ventures into a seedy netherworld of bone-crushing intensity; a place of 'hammer down rifferama' where there are 'no fking stage sets' – just a band name of NUCLEAR ASSAULT and a PA system cranked to the max. Let's hope our scribe hasn't forgotten to pack his cheese sandwiches and Thermos of oxtail soup . . .**

WHILE THE Bon Jovis and the Europes of this world fill the Enormodomes of the land with their light-touched interpretation of hard rock (if you ignore the contradiction!), the music of Nuclear Assault continues in an altogether seedier netherworld of bone-crushing intensity and Hardcore mentality.

Sell-out? You must be friggin' jokin'. The four guys who comprise Nuclear Assault, that's vocalist/guitarist John Connelly, lead guitarist Anthony Bramante, bassist Danny Lilker and drummer Glenn Evans, patently couldn't give a flying f**k for the more conventionally accepted boundaries of commerciality.

Nah, these guys are slaves to the rhythm, to one of the heaviest sounds you're ever likely to encounter on vinyl.

You don't believe me? Then taste a slab of their current album 'Survive', on the market for about the past eight months, and as fearsome a dose of Thrash Metal as you're going to find on the whole of God's good earth.

Easy listening it ain't, and with its hammer down rifferama and dog bark vocal aproach it's the kind of 'music' that you wouldn't give a cat in hell's chance of ever making any kind of sales headway! But then again you'd be wrong.

I'm standing sidestage at a venue called the Fridge, in the sleepy Swedish capital of Stockholm, and I'm witnessing a whole bunch of maniacs attempting to kill each other in order to get that little bit closer to the action that is Nuclear Assault on stage.

The major record companies are beginning to catch on pretty quickly after a slow start, too. Nuclear Assault have been taken under at least one wing of IRS, Miles Copeland and a major label interest, and are showing all those with ears to hear that there is life outside the realms of Pop Metal:

"It's a really strange situation for the guys at IRS," grins Danny Lilker prior to blowing a few heads apart in Stockholm, "because they have bands such as Chrome Molly and Shok Paris on their roster, bands that on paper would seem to be infinitely more marketable and commercial than we are, and yet we sell more albums than any other Metal band on IRS."

"WE HAVE SOLD more copies of our last album on IRS," states Connelly, pulling a bottle of booze to his lips, "than we have of all three of our releases on Combat combined. I think that says it all really."

Which can't exactly please the people at Combat if they've lost one of their prime artists.

"Well they haven't exactly lost us," says Danny. "The deal with IRS is a pretty strange one, whereby it's an alternating deal between IRS and Combat. This album came out on IRS. The next one will be on Combat and the one after on IRS again. Combat do well out of the deal because they take a cut on *all* the records sold.

"We want to make it clear because we've already heard talk from people who know that the next album is coming out on Combat who think that we've been dropped. We have not been dropped!"

"But this was the best way at the time of getting our records heard by more people," adds Connelly. "We had to take a cut in our own monies to make it happen, which we couldn't really afford to do, but we did it anyway cos we're stupid."

But definitely not as stupid as all that. After all, now that the floodgates of Thrash have opened once and for all, it's got to be a whole lot harder to stand out of the morass of bands.

"Well we've always maintained that if any band are different, with something original to say both lyrically and musically, then they will stand apart from the rest of the field."

Danny isn't bothered by the mass of new Thrashers getting it together.

"A lot of it is really crap, derivative, generic stuff, but it's only natural that when something gets big there are a lot of people out there who just want a part of it."

So are you saying that the scene is getting just as staid as the mainstream Metal one, where

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27th April	Bradford	-	Frog and Toad
28th April	Sheffield	-	Locarno
29th April	Morecambe	-	The Gardens
4th May	Hastings	-	The Crypt
5th May	Nutley	-	Shelley Arms
6th May	Newbury	-	Northcroft Leisure Centre
8th May	Swansea	-	Mothers Club
10th May	Milton Keynes	-	The Waughton Centre
11th May	Sutton in Ashfield	-	Gigolos
13th May	London	-	The Marquee

everybody thinks the same, looks the same and plays the same?

John bursts in on the conversation here: "No, I really don't think it's like that at all; because any Thrash band worth their salt make a real conscious attempt to make each album their own. The mainstream Metal is totally and completely interchangeable.

"I mean, every Dokken album sounds like a Dokken album. They got rich on it, and why not, God bless 'em, but with Thrash Metal if you do three albums that all sound the same I guarantee that you're gonna die out pretty damn quickly!"

"And there are so many more options open to Thrash bands in terms of change," adds Danny. "If you find you're starting to bore yourself then you can always get more intense.

"I mean, what are Bon Jovi gonna do? Speed up? Look at Metallica. They're the prototype. No way could anybody say that it sounds like the same band on 'Kill 'Em All' and 'Master Of Puppets'."

WELL THAT'S solidarity for you. One of the most positive aspects of the Thrash movement has been a spirit of brotherhood amongst the bands. Helping each other to help themselves, you might say.

But my illusions are about to be rudely shattered by Connelly, showing that a 'street level mentality' doesn't always go beyond skin deep:

"If we're playing with cool bands like Exodus then I'd rather open shows to promote 'Survive' any day. We get to play for an hour, we get a drum riser and plenty of room, so what's the difference?

"This tour has been a piss, really lovely, and it's been a real eye-opener.

"The first two tours we did to promote our album we got walked on, and we just assumed that was the way things were. You open for another band and people shit on you.

"We've always tried to be as cool as possible towards the bands that have opened for us. If someone's paying eight quid to see a show then they should see a *full* show, and not just a lot of noise from people who are trying to get their shit together *while* they're on the stage. It's unfair.

"We went out with Agent Steel and we got dicked over, as did Atomkraft. It was the same with Overkill, we got dicked over! So when we got the chance to open for Slayer in the UK back in September we thought it was gonna be a f**kin' nightmare. We couldn't believe it.

"We'd pull up to a gig and the guys would go, 'How ya doin'? Hey listen, it started to rain so we had our crew load your shit in so they wouldn't have to deal with the wet'. It was like, 'Oh, thanx!'. Then the band's tour manager would go: 'Hey, it's kinda late. Should we hold the doors for 15 minutes so that you can soundcheck?'. 'Er, sure . . . OK!'

"It was amazing. The bigger bands have treated us so much better.

"What really pisses me off is that we have no stage set at all. Therefore if we don't have room to present ourselves to the audience then we have no show. If we have no room then kids are paying to see us rehearse. It shows a complete lack of professional and personal courtesy from the other bands.

"They don't seem to understand that the ones who really get dicked over are the ones who've paid to see the show – and that's not cool. This is f**kin' Thrash Metal! No f**kin' stage sets. It's just the band and a loud PA system.

"What's all this Glam rock star bullshit nonsense?! If a band's not confident in their own ability that's when you get that kind of bad competitive sense. Hey, we do our best to help out other bands, even bands that are better than us! We rip down our own equipment to give them more room."

AND IN CASE you think this diatribe is nothing more than idle bullshit, then you should know what the Nuclear boys have been doing for opening act Re-animator. They've gone further than just moving their gear, they've actually been letting the boys *use* all their stuff because Hull's fave foursome were so skint they couldn't afford to bring their crusty gear to Europe.

"Re-animator are f**kin' brilliant," enthuses Danny, "and we're only too happy to help. They keep saying to us that it's all too weird; that this isn't the music business! It shows how cynical and pessimistic people can get about all this, cos it's usually the truth. This music business SUCKS!!"

All the more strange then that the band should have decided to record 'Survive' in that den of music industry bullshit, L*s Angeles.

"Not at all," counters John, "it's got the Music Grinder. A brilliant studio, a brilliant engineer and a brilliant producer. You go!

"Besides, we've recorded twice in January in upstate New York when the temperature was 20 below and there was snow everywhere.

"It was brilliant to walk around in T-shirts when we knew everybody back home was freezing their nuts off."

But didn't you find that the laid-back atmosphere of LA was only conducive to making laid-back music?

"Not at all," says Danny, a detectable note of disdain in his voice.

"Once you get inside a good room and have a real Thrash it doesn't matter where you are.

"We could be recording in Alaska and still come out with a killer album."

"This time around the creative juices were really flowing," claims Connelly. "The stuff was much more coherent because we all knew each other much better. We were much more of a band. We'd learnt about each other's styles a lot more so we could stretch out and experiment.

"The studio is a gruelling experience. I got tendonitis from playing for up to 16 hours a day, but hell, it was worth it to get an album like 'Survive'. I think we got it just about right this time."

And that's what all the Swedish Thrashers seemed to be confirming with their wild acclaim for the band.

It's attitude music we're dealing with here, and attitude doesn't come any more intense than with Nuclear Assault!

Pic Mark Webb

NUCLEAR ASSAULT: "Mainstream Metal is totally and completely interchangeable. Every Dokken album sounds like a Dokken album . . . and why not, God bless 'em?"

BAY AREA BLASTERS: *Russ Anderson of Forbidden and Testament's Chuck Billy (top), Mark Osegueda of Death Angel and Noel Bailey of Potential Threat (centre) and Vio-lence's Sean Killian (bottom)*

THE BIG AREA

Just why is the Bay Area of San Francisco widely regarded as the Thrash Metal capital of the world? STEFFAN CHIRAZI ropes in members of SF-based blitz-bands TESTAMENT, DEATH ANGEL, FORBIDDEN, VIO-LENCE and POTENTIAL THREAT in an attempt to answer this mightily mind-mangling question . . .

WHEN IT COMES to Speed Metal, Thrash Metal or whatever you wanna call this music, the Bay Area of San Francisco quite simply rules the world.

Nowhere does the quality of Thrash seem to manifest itself quite as strongly as in the Bay Area.

Take a quick look right now at the '89 Bay Area roster.

You gotta start with the forefathers of the new Metal movement and now big arena boys, Metallica.

Then come Exodus, Testament, Death Angel, Forbidden, Vio-lence, Potential Threat, Blind Illusion, Mordred . . .

The list just gets longer and longer.

And this is the cream, the quality and the class of the Bay Area scene . . . we haven't even touched on the smaller bands readily flourishing here.

Even in Europe, the Bay Area carries a tag all of its own: if a Thrash band is from the Bay Area then they immediately get a little more recognition than is usual, a touch more of a chance. And it's more than likely that they'll end up gaining a whole lotta respect.

Because Bay Area bands are, by and large, all quality acts of ability, integrity and grit.

Don Kaye hit it bang on when, at the tail end of '88, he named the Bay Area as his 'scene of the year'.

Yeah . . . I will be the first to admit that here is a scene that counts.

Even now, the bands just coming through are as strong as ever, with two of the newest and best being Forbidden and Vio-lence.

Forbidden display prowess and depth that personally excites the shit outta me (excuse the eloquence) and Vio-lence are just a mighty thing that sweeps you off your feet.

Testament, meanwhile, are on the march to much bigger things, a fact I finally recognised at the end of last year when I saw them crush Oakland's Omni with a set of swift thuggery. I am anxiously awaiting their next album to see them sustain their prominence.

Same for Death Angel, a band I don't really need to remind you that I love, but, hey, I will anyway.

Exodus look as though their promise may reach full fruition in the next two years, having been one of the first outta the traps yet having somewhat stumbled in the darkness for a few years.

And Potential Threat, with their razors flying loose, could easily be the next act to break big, with a deal surely coming their way in the next few months.

OOOO, WITH Exodus having adorned our cover recently (ish 227), I felt that it

KONTINUEZ PAGE 31

RUSS ANDERSON *(first right in pic): "Metallica were such an inspiration . . . they're the main reason that the Bay Area really started to get it happening"*

CHUCK BILLY: *"There's a lotta camaraderie in the Bay Area. People here support each other"*

Pix Mark Leialoha

BIG AREA

FROM PAGE 29

was about time you all saw a photographic power-packed bunch, illustrating the Bay Area's might in Thrash.

Soooo, what do myself, photographer Mark Leialoha, Chuck Billy (Testamant), Noel Bailey (Potential Threat), Sean Killian (Vio-lence), Russ Anderson (Forbidden) and Mark Osegueda (Death Angel) do one chilly Saturday SF morning?

Well, whaddya bloody well think?!

We storm on up to San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge to get the very important damn picture for you, and to get a low-down on the general activities within each of the camps for the next year.

Of course Steve 'Zetro' Sousa (Exodus) didn't manage to get his lazy arse out of bed in time, but I forgive him – and after all, Exodus have already appeared quite enough in the last few issues of *Kerrang!*.

Oh yeah, I also thought that this might be as good a time as any to ask these involved people just what the Bay Area means, in Thrash terms, to them personally.

"For me it really started when I saw Metallica," states Russ of Forbidden assuredly. "I think they're the main reason that the Bay Area really started to get it happening.

"They were such an inspiration that at first you were totally influenced by what they were doing. But then, when you get more into your own stuff, you do it your way completely."

"Check it out, in the Bay Area we actually saw it happen for real," furthers Vio-lence's Sean Killian.

"We witnessed something at the time that was happening on our own doorstep. That's a very huge thing, when you have the proof of it in front of you"

"I also think there's a lotta camaraderie in the Bay Area," says Testament's Chuck Billy. "People here support each other. There's some friendly rivalry, but overall we all get on, hang out at the same clubs and bars.

"You can party with everyone on the scene, and it's a very cool attitude here.

"I went to one of those Heavy Metal conventions y'know, and I'm sitting there listening to all these bands capping (getting) on each other, and I was thinkin' that it wouldn't be like that in the Bay Area. You'd stick together, y'know."

GEOGRAPHICALLY THE Bay Area might seem relatively small and therefore less likely to create a Thrash 'scene', but even when compared to a tough and dedicated city like New York, the Bay Area holds court, no question.

And as for Los Angeles . . . forget it!

"Maybe the labels go for that gay music down there," suggests Chuck Billy. "We played the Troubador in Los Angeles, and there were people standing around who didn't know what to do, I guess because they're just so used to seeing what they see down there.

"The attitude's all wrong in LA for a scene like this to have happened.

"I got to work with Exodus at the start, and I saw them touring and recording. I went to school with Cliff Burton and saw him touring and recording and, being into the music myself, when I saw an opportunity I wanted it, because I knew it could happen."

"The kids are also much more into Thrashing here and Slamming and just getting into the shows in the Bay Area than any other place," suggests Noel Bailey of Potential Threat.

"See, I know New York's into some good music," continues Sean, "but from what I can see it's much more into Hardcore than our thing. Definitely not as much Metal there, even though there are cool bands like the Cro-Mags.

"In those cities like Cleveland, Houston or wherever, there just aren't any bands really to look up to.

"Here, it's definitely an energy thing – but, y'know, I'll tell you, the kids can really see it happening here, it's a real thing and it just keeps on going."

The general opinion, then, is that with Metallica having led the charge, the camaraderie of the Bay Area has grown stronger and stronger, almost to the extent that Thrash is now a question of pure pride.

It is something the Bay Area has a name for and the Bay Area feels an obligation to continue the quality.

Speaking of quality, let's see what these bands are gonna be doing in the forthcoming year (Exodus excepted).

One thing's a certainty . . . the Bay Area will continue its majority rule.

TESTAMENT – Currently ensconsed in the recording studio.

Fantasy in local Berkeley is the place, and Alex Perialas will once again handle the board duties.

The album will be called 'Practice What You Preach', which Chuck feels is a good indication of what themes and ideas will follow.

However, it won't be a concept album, just a 'collection of good songs'.

Plans see it being ready for release in early Summer.

VIO-LENCE – Currently in Alpha Omega studios in San Francisco for pre-production with Mark Senesac (Exodus). Hope to release a new LP in late May.

Sean says this album will be more 'social, where we talk more shit to people' and an early title is 'I, Prophet'.

One track, 'Subterfuge', is about 'people who lie to get themselves out of sticky situations', although I'm assured this is in no way connected to personal experience.

Writing is said to be far more sure and mature than before.

Live, there is no way Vio-lence's whirlwind approach will alter, but a trip to Europe is definitely on the cards, despite the band not making it for their proposed support with DRI recently.

DEATH ANGEL – Keeping quiet right now, but expect a monster in the Summer as Death Angel hit the studios very soon to record the Geffen debut album.

One early songtitle is 'Dehumanization', and that's pretty much all Mark Osegueda would say about it for the moment.

POTENTIAL THREAT – Potentially seeking a potentially fine record company prepared to give them a potentially good deal with certain support to enable them to hit that dusty trail and play live.

Are happy to stick it out in the small scene until someone offers them a fair deal. Expect developments before school's out for Summer.

FORBIDDEN – At this time they are writing fiercely and will say no more than that the current work is heavier, more 'doomy like end-of-the-world' stuff.

But can anything *truly* be heavier than 'Chalice Of Blood', the tumultuous opening track on their last record, 'Forbidden Evil'?

Stay tuned . . .

Pic Ross Halfin

METALLICA: the first and the best?

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

MALE 25 shy, into bikes, cinema, gigs, AC/DC, Whitesnake, UFO, etc. seeks attractive unattached female in-around Reading. Looking for genuine relationship with sweet-natured lady. Photo please. ALA. Box No K1597

JACKIE 19, attractive, seeks good looking rocker for crazy times, SE, photo please. Box No K1598

I'M GOING NUTS, my mates are into curling-tongs and Bros eek!! I need rock-loving pals M/F into pubs, gigs, beer, laffin & long hair to hit the town. SE. Box No K1598

FEMALE, 17, Tynedale, Seeks friends in Newcastle area. Box No K1599

ASTORIA VOW WOW Mar 15th, Girl long dark hair, red jacket, jeans, stripe, please write guy long blond hair, smiled leaving gig, you made my night. Box No K1600

MALE 18 into Maiden, Roses, Leppard etc. Seeks female for pubs, gigs etc. South East photo if possible. Box No K1601

PETE FROM CHESTER, shy female from Hants area has lost your address, please write again. Box No K1603

MALE BIKER 23 into most rock music seeks female for gigs and lasting friendship, Midlands area. Box No K1604

FEMALE 15 seeks long haired male for friendship, gigs, fun and writing into G'N'R, Jovi etc. Photo appreciated. Box No K1605

MALE 29 into Vixen, Queensrÿche, Saxon etc seeks female for friendship, gigs, Cambridgeshire area. Box No K1607

MALE 25 from London seeks female 20+ for gigs, pubs and good times, from London or the S.E. (send photo if poss.) to K1606

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VIEW FROM THE BAR

The gossip column that doesn't deal in hearsay, rumour or innuendo. But FACTS – we gottem!

■ *CONTINUING OUR ever-mind-manglingly startling new series – **Centre-Parting Of The Week** – this week we bring you one of the most remarkable CPs this 'Bar has ever seen . . .*

*Behold the bravest, the most struggled over and the most fought for and crafted Centre-Parting in the world – the one and only **Mr Ian 'I Did It For Love' Astbury** of the **Cult**!*

YAAAAAY!!!

Never has a Centre-Parting had to overcome so many problems in order just to achieve the mere beginnings of a straight line than the one that now adorns the bonce of the singer in the Cult.

Just take a look at our 'Before CP' shot on the left and try and grasp the odds on that . . . that . . . mess ever becoming the glorious valley it would eventually come to be recognised as later . . . A mil. to one, easy!

*And yet one look at our 'After CP' shot and you can see straight away why this man is now tipped to become the biggest rock Centre-Parting since **Tiny Tim** last tiptoed through the soddin' tulips . . .*

GORGEOUS straight line . . . could drive a fleet of lorries down it and still have time to stop off for a greasy breakfast at Ma Bad Belly's Pork & Beans Motel . . . !

And by the way, Ian – that thing you're wearing on your head in the first shot – did you find a good home for it, or what?

■ WELL, BOOZERS, it seems like the shit really has hit the fan this week . . .

What with that nice boy **Stevie Vai** falling into bad company with Mr **David Coverdale** (a *much* older man); **W.A.S.P.** going 'round laying Bogdamn ugly Easter E.G.G.S. on everybody; poor old **Nicko McBrain** getting himself hitched to his one and only **Prairie Rose**; and 'Bar HQ's one and only **Krusher Joule** being interviewed in the latest edition of the ultra-posey *ID* magazine . . . well, it seems like sheer bloody Hell's come done on us this week, boozers!

■ NO SOONER had we switched on the lights of the Luvverly Golden Optics and cranked the Death-Deck to an unmentionable 111, than first word arrived of **Steve Vai**'s decision to quit his gig with **Diamond Dave Lee Roth** and rent his axe out instead to that wily old fox **David Coverdale**!

Well . . . you can't say that we here at 'Bar HQ didn't warn you.

We knew all along that ol' Coverversion was far too smart to leave all the guitar playing on his all-important follow-up to the mega-buck '**Whitesnake '87**' album in the sole hands of **Adrian Vandenberg** . . .

Big Blond Ade's no slouch on the guitar, of course, but then he's no **John Sykes**, either.

And he's certainly no Steve Vai.

It seems Big Cov has even allowed Vai to overdub all the existing guitar parts already recorded for the new album at home in his own studio, away from where the rest of the recording is being completed in Lake Tahoe (or however you spell it) . . .

■ One final footnote from the Weird File: rumours are already circulating in LA that the only reason why Steve Vai has been asked to finish off the guitar work is because Adrian Vandenberg has a 'bad hand' (sic) at the moment!

Bad hand? Shurely shum mishtake there, guvnor . . . **Mel Galley** was the one with the bad hand, wasn't he?

Waddayamean *who's Mel Galley*?

Next you'll be asking who **Bernie Marsden** is . . . or **Neil Murray** . . . or **Aynsley Dunbar** . . . or . . .

We wish you well, Stevie boy. And watch out for that bad hand.

■ FROM THE truly sublime to the downright utterly ridiculous . . . who else, but **Saxon**!

Aye. . . it seems like those lads from Oop North like 'ave bin at it again, providing us here at 'Bar HQ with the biggest chuckle of the week . . .

Have you heard the one about the much-touted Saxon 'Live' album that was already 'in the can' and 'awaiting release' when they 'unexpectedly' left their label, EMI, recently?

Well . . . the album, provisionally entitled '**Live In Finland**', is now apparently awaiting release on one or other of the independent labels Saxon have been talking to since they parted company with EMI.

■ *EAGLE-EYED boozers will have spotted the glaring omission of a **Centre-Parting Of The Week** in the last scurrilous edition of VFTB . . . And so, to make amends, we here at 'Bar HQ have decided to completely spoil you all rotten by this week giving you TWO Centre-Partings Of The Week to gloat and guffaw over!*

*Yush indeed . . . two CPs for the price of one . . . And who better to add to your collection than those vintage Masters Of The (Black) Centre-Parting themselves, but the mighty **VENOM**!*

This picture – dating back in the mists of time to the very beginning of their career as The World's Blackest Band – shows the full undulating force of those Centre-Partings, the way they originally stood all those (black) years ago . . .

*And of course, there you can also see **Cronos** (which is an anagram for Centre-Parting, as everybody knows) holding aloft the Original Golden Broadsword, which he had only recently pulled from the head of **Lemmy** to proclaim himself the One and True Heir to the (Black) Centre-Parting Crown!*

Ah, heady days, boozers . . . and ones we fear we shall never see again. For the time being, however, let's put those (black) thoughts aside and savour instead the sheer jagged mutant beauty of those sinister Venom Centre-Partings . . .

Takes your breath away, doesn't it?

However, interested parties might be even more interested to hear some outright LIES about this forthcoming 'Live In Finland' opus that we here at 'Bar HQ have picked up recently.

LIE Number One: the album was not recorded in Finland. We know it was. And any suggestion that the record was, in FACT, laid down at a warehouse in Grimsby, where every track was bashed out in one take, is completely without foundation.

LIE Number Two: the applause was dubbed on to the tapes out of snippets taken from **Queen**'s age old '**Live Killers**' album. Bah! We here at 'Bar HQ, being the worldly-wise chaps that we are, know the sound of a Finnish handclap. And that sound (of one Finnish hand clapping) is, without doubt, the sound that you will hear on 'Live In Finland' . . . whenever it's released.

Phew! Glad that's all cleared up. Right . . . what next? The '**Saxon's Greatest Hit**' album, perhaps?

■ ALSO PROVIDING us with more guffaws than are usually good for us here at 'Bar HQ this week, is that young whippersnapper – or should that be snapperwhipper? – **Sebastian Bach** from **Jon Bon Jovi**'s favourite noo band (honest, boss!) **Skid Row**. . .

It seems Young Seb has become the toast of all New York following a series of outlandish and fast-becoming legendary displays at a select number of, uh, social gatherings in that fair city these last few weeks. . .

Apparently, give the lad two **Buds** and without any encouragement at all he reaches into his strides and yanks out the hugest plonker the world (and possibly even **Skarlet**) has ever seen, a horrid 11-inch snake-like thing by all reports, and proceeds to, um, *perform* a number of, well, *party tricks* with it. . .(!)

Presumably, this strange and frankly disturbing behaviour is only allowed to take place at Members Only establishments.

■ AND NOW to the strange case of (gulp!) The Marriage Of **Nicko McBrain**. . .

Could it be true, we asked ourselves when we heard the sad news? Could the self-confessed Mad Monk Of Rock ackshully be hanging up his Mad Monk Of Rock robes and settling down for a life of ankle-biters and home-brew?

Well, it seems like the answer to that one is a definite yes!

■ *AND NOW for this week's latest in our even more brand spanking (Who wants to know about spanking? – 'Bar Ed.) new series –* ***Amazing Lookalikes****!*

This week we feel we have brought you the veritable coup-de-grâce *in Amazing Lookalikes . . .*

Feast what's left of your eyes on the two gents pictured above – one is ***Elvis Presley****, the self-proclaimed King Of Rock, and one is* ***Fish****, the self-proclaimed King Of Scotland. The question is – which is which?*

Aha! We're got you there, haven't we, boozers? That's right . . . they do look uncannily alike, don't they?

And don't you find it just a little strange that Elvis 'died' under mysterious circumstances around about the same time the name 'Fish' was starting to become known on the club scene in Edinburgh in the late '70s?

And stranger still, perhaps, that now 'Fish' has 'left' Marillion, all these Elvis Is Alive And Been Spotted Buying Cases Of McKeowns From Off-Licences In And Around Edinburgh Recently have suddenly started springing up?

Think about it for a second, boozers, and then take another long look at these shots and try and tell us with a straight face that Elvis Presley and Fish are NOT ONE AND THE SAME MAN!!!

Amazing . . . but could it be a FACT?

Judge for yourselves . . .

The lady's name is **Rebecca**, and if Nicko's the Iron, Rebecca's his Maiden. . . and that's all there is to it, pal!

But before he set off to take his vows and cut the cake and all that stuff in the wooded climes of sweet West Virginia, where the new Mrs McBrain was born and where the wedding will take place later this month, Nicko bid a fond official farewell to bachelordom and all its illicit pleasures by hosting a little bash for himself down at the ever-popular **Hippodrome**. . .

Waiting to greet him were such Hippo stalwarts as all of **Zodiac Mindwarp**'s band (*minus* Zody, of course, another of the growing band of married men who is rarely seen out anywhere these days – let that be a warning to you, Nicko!); **Billy Duffy** from the **Cult**; plus **Bruce Dickinson** and **Adrian Smith** from **Maiden**. . .

It wasn't a sad occasion as such though . . . more a *drunken* one. At the end of the night we sent the lad on his way and told him to be careful not to lose the ring before the Big Day . . .

He was wearing it through his ear at the time . . . There's still hope yet, then.

■ BY THE way, for those of you who recall a story from last week's VFTB vaults, concerning a certain young lady who was seen squatting semi-clad on the face of **Leatherwolf** drummer **Dean Roberts**, who was himself lying prostrate on the dancefloor of (everybody's-favourite-disco) the **Hippodrome** at the time, following the band's earlier engagement opening for **Vow Wow** up the road at the **Astoria** . . . we have an update!

The lady in question – her name, she told us, is **Linda** – ackshully contacted 'Bar HQ this week to complain that she was *not* wearing a bra, as reported – "I *never* wear a bra!" were her exact words – and how *dare* we suggest she would!

Now this may all seem trivial to some of you, boozers. But a FACT is a FACT and we feel we owe it to Linda to put the FACTS straight on this one . . .

Awright, Linda? Satisfied? All right . . . now if you'd just get up off **Geoff**'s head we'll show you the way out . . . thank yew.

■ IF WE'RE going to get really trivial, though, how about ending this week with – cue melodramatic music (something by **Dio** would suffice) – the REAL Reason Why **Pepsi** From **Tigertailz** Has Suddenly Got Blue Hair!

At last we can tell the world . . .

In FACT, the story goes that Pepsi had his normally 'white-gold' *(At least, that's what it said on the bottle, right Pepsi? – Bitchy 'Bar Ed.)* locks dyed for him by the rest of the band as he lay comatose after a particularly wild night in the recording studio where they are currently recording a new album . . .

Apparently, the band are allowed two bottles of wine a day free from the big-hearted record company while they're recording. And what the band decided to do was save all their bottles for a week and then have a ginormous blow-out. . .

A brilliant plan, of course, and exactly the kind of sharp thinking we here at 'Bar HQ have become accustomed to from Tigertailz.

The only problem was Pepsi's admittedly dodgy arithmetic, which according to Pepsi meant him drinking seven of the bottles of wine and leaving the other seven for the rest of the band to fight over.

The only *other* problem was that, after seven bottles, Pepsi was the only one in the mood to ackshully do any fighting . . . proceeding to smash up the studio and kick down doors in a delirium of what we here at 'Bar HQ commonly refer to as Wine Fever . . .

Later, when he'd finally keeled over, out came the little pots of paint as the rest of the band exacted a savage revenge . . .

Oh well, win some, booze some, eh, Pepsi?

■ INDEED . . . AND as for you lot, we'll SEEE YA next weeeeeek, boozers. . .

BRICK OUTHOUSE **by Kevin B Flannery**

HAUGHTY CULTURE

In the past, the city of Seattle, Washington has given us the likes of Queensrÿche, Fifth Angel and Sanctuary. Now add a fourth name to that list: a hot new act called SOUNDGARDEN. Look beyond that 'ethereal' monicker and you'll find a whole bunch of unremittingly brutal music, advises DON KAYE

SOUNDGARDEN.
Strange name.
Strange band.

Their first record, an independent six-song mini-LP on Seattle's Sub-Pop label, was an interesting excursion into a demented Zep fan's dream: bottom-heavy monster rock with the tortured Plantisms of vocalist Chris Cornell smothered on top.

This year's full-length album, 'Ultramega OK' on SST Records, is a far more diverse affair, but even heavier and more between-the-eyes than before. But that was all in the record review (issue 221). I'm here to introduce you to the band.

Soundgarden formed in Seattle, where they're still based, and consist of the aforementioned Cornell, Kim Thayil on guitar, bassist Hiro Yamamoto and Matt Cameron behind the drumkit.

It's with Kim and Matt I'm speaking tonight, getting my first glimpse into half the mental force behind this disturbing and passionate band.

"Initially, when I came to Seattle, there was more of a New Wave, jangly, quirky type of sound here," says Kim, who was originally from the Northwest but grew up in Chicago.

"It was the same thing that was happening all over the country, except that Seattle was stuck in it a little longer. But there were plenty of guys playing some progressive stuff, and there was a Hardcore scene, so these things naturally developed.

"Seattle is divided into two regions. There's the East Side, which is across Lake Washington, and most of the Metal bands are from there, groups like Queensrÿche, Sanctuary and Fifth Angel.

"Here on our side, there was a lot more Hardcore and Punk, and these bands started to add more leads and double bass and just more of a Speed Metal sound. The more progressive Hardcore bands added different, artier elements."

Soundgarden arrived in 1984, with Matt joining in '86. While many groups were still bashing out the HC, Soundgarden and peers like Green River were slowing the whole mess down going for a thicker, sludgier mood.

"It caught on locally," explains Kim. "And a lot of bands began to pick up on the idea of slowing down and making everything heavier. Not to say that the groups here all copy each other, because everyone's sincere about what they do. But there is a similar style that emerged, and one American journalist called it 'Big Rock'."

'Big Rock' is as good a name as any to describe Soundgarden and other Northwest outfits like the seminal Green River and lesser-known outfits like Mudhoney and Tad.

"It's like a real slow, steady kinda sexy groove, but with a lot of distorted guitars and just a real basic rock sound with a different kind of edge," says Matt.

THE NAME Soundgarden ("Not intentionally meant to throw people off," laughs Kim) is supposed to represent the many roots of the group's style, a virtual plethora of cutting edge rock that spans Sabbath, Velvet Underground, the Meat Puppets and Killing Joke. There's some Zep and some Metallica; Gothicism and sublime poetry. The almost ethereal flavour of the name betrays the brutality of the music but never pins Soundgarden in one corner.

"Our music is progressing really well with each successive record," offers Matt. "On the first EP we were at a certain level, and it was pretty raw. Then we did the SST record, and we're still developing and refining a few things, but still keeping our edge, which is important. And the latest stuff we're working on . . . it's just gonna kill."

Soundgarden recently inked a deal with A&M Records for their next album.

Both Kim and Matt are positively aglow with enthusiasm over the new material they're laying down for their major label debut, due in August. That'll make two records within a year's time for these hardy souls, and they report that the deal with A&M was in the can almost before their SST album came out!

Kim: "A&M had heard a tape and were interested in us for a long time. They came up to see us and liked what they saw even better than what they originally heard. So they started pursuing us, but we already had a contract with Sub-Pop to do our mini-LP, so first things first.

"Now at the time the mini-LP came out, we did some shows with Saint Vitus and a few other SST bands and they all recommended us to the label. They all played our tape for the label head, that sort of thing. SST was a label we'd always been into, we'd liked a lot of their bands, and so we talked with them and ironed out a one-album deal, which is what all their deals are."

Meanwhile A&M were still hot for the band, Geffen was on the trail as well, but the group put them all on hold.

"It was neat that they were waving this money in our face, but it was important to us to establish ourselves with the people that like us," says Kim. "We wanted to establish ourselves in the underground and college market-place first, where the majors couldn't f**k around with us.

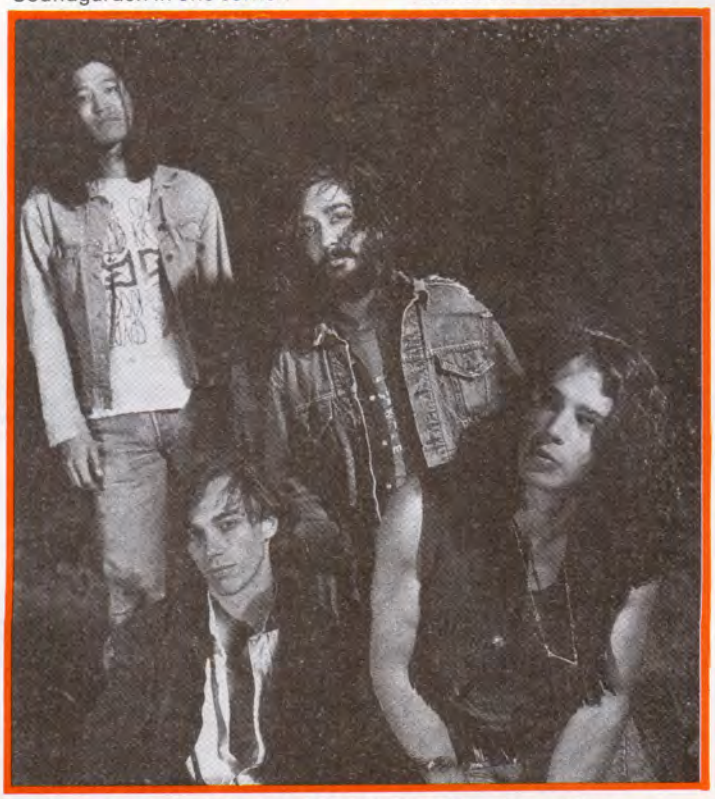
"So the labels all said, 'Why are you talkin' to us and making a record for SST?'," laughs Matt. "They were frustrated. But it made perfect sense, 'cause we developed as a band and laid a better groundbase of fans to follow us over to the major. We've got a foundation, and we didn't jump to a big label just for the bucks."

NOW SOUNDGARDEN seem to have everything in place, right down to the unprecedented move of A&M lending their support and promotion to the SST release of 'Ultramega OK'.

But the plan's not without its thorns. For one thing, A&M are not eactly a label renowned for their expertise with hard rock, and secondly, Soundgarden aren't your average three-chord wonder. They fall into that blurred category with mutations like Jane's Addiction, Danzig and maybe Masters Of Reality: a limbo where the musos flirt with the conceptions and structures of Heavy Metal, along with its trademarks, but stay just slightly to the left and outside the accepted norms.

"A&M haven't worked with much hard rock but they are a label that takes risks," affirms Kim. "They've taken risks with the Police, Squeeze, and even Budgie in the past, and that was something that attracted us to them. At least we know we don't have to compete with anyone for the company's affection."

The group tour the States in the Spring before heading for the UK in May for their first overseas visit.



SOUNDGARDEN: 'Like Jane's Addiction, Danzig and the Masters Of Reality, they flirt with the structures of HM, but stay just slightly to the left and outside the accepted norms'

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JERRY UWINS put his foot down on a new FX unit

Pic Jerry Uwins

BOSS BE-5: works out at less than 50 quid an effect

PEDAL TO THE METAL

BOSS BE-5 MULTI-EFFECTS RRP £235

GUITAR EFFECTS which bridge the performance and price gap between individual pedals and flash rackmount multi-FX systems are becoming increasingly popular.

Last year FX giant Boss had – and probably are still having – a successful run with their ME-5 programmable multi-FX board.

This year, opting for a simpler and hence much cheaper approach, they've introduced the BE-5.

Essentially, the BE-5 is like five separate FX pedals packaged together in a small black plastic floor box measuring less than 12" across.

When we say five effects, it's really four – chorus, digital delay, overdrive/distortion, and compressor – all of which can be run simultaneously and use the kind of manually variable controls you'd find on an ordinary pedal. The fifth facility is noise suppression, which some people will argue isn't an effect.

Maybe not, but it's extremely useful, nonetheless. Our test was done using a Strat in a roomful of fluorescents – a recipe for buzz and mains interference. But winding up the noise suppressor's threshold control soon put paid to that, with enough leeway to suppress even more fiercely.

This is something that needs to be taken into account when setting up the BE-5 as, at or near maximum, the suppressor – like all such devices – can restrict note triggering and cut off some of a chord's natural decay.

In less noisy electrical surroundings and when not using the BE-5's distortion, it's fair to predict that you're unlikely to need much, if any, noise suppression.

The chorus, delay and compression circuits are all admirably quiet, and it's only when kicking in overdrive or distortion – with its usual background rubbish – that tweaking up the suppressor becomes desirable.

LET'S LOOK AT the main effects themselves.

Chorus provides control over rate and depth which, even at maximum settings, stops short of outrageously wobbly effects. Subtle, then, rather than extreme in range, the chorusing is nevertheless high quality, and if you're fortunate enough to be using two amps, you can go for those wide, lush sounds courtesy of the BE-5's stereo outputs. If any icing on the cake is needed, it's a slightly quicker maximum rate which is too slow to attempt fast Leslie-type rotary speaker effects.

For a unit costing little more than £200, the range of settings on the digital delay is excellent. A choice of eight can be dialled up, from 3.8msecs to 999msecs, and a Fine control lets you fine-tune the delay time within each segment.

The section is completed by controls for delay level (relative to the direct sound), and Feedback which you can wind up for those near-infinite repeats with all the digital clarity and presence impossible to achieve with a humble analogue echo.

The distortion section can almost be looked at as two pedals in one. In addition to the usual Level and Drive controls – plus a very useful Tone knob – there's a Colour control which at one extreme provides a thick, sustainy overdrive; at the other yer full-blown sav-edge distortion. Predictably, settings in between move gradually from one spectrum of sounds to the other.

Any decent distortion pedal can be expected to deliver the standard repertoire of chainsaw massacres – and the BE-5 doesn't disappoint here – but where the Boss really scores in versatility is the quality of its overdrives.

If you're checking out the BE-5, try experimenting with some bluesy sounds, keeping Colour right over on Overdrive, Drive at around three o'clock and Tone to taste. Impressive, I'd say.

Tone is also a facility on the BE-5's compressor which more than pays its way.

Compression can often lop some of the top-end off a sound necessitating re-EQ'ing to add it back in again. This shouldn't be necessary with the BE-5 as the compressor's Tone knob can be set up to give the required amount of edge to the effect from the word go.

In addition to Level – best matched as closely as possible to the Distortion's level control to avoid big jumps or cuts in volume when you switch either of the sections in and out – the BE-5's compressor includes Attack, which varies the amount of, er . . . attack to the picking of notes, and Sustain which is equally effective for hanging out clean country sounds or adding extra sustain to already sustainy overdrives or distortions.

WE'VE ALREADY mentioned the BE-5's stereo outputs, and it's evident that Boss have tried to offer as many facilities as possible for the money.

Round the back of the unit you'll find an output to connect a guitar tuner, and an FX loop which, apart from allowing additional external effects to be used, allows you to hook in a volume pedal. Powering is by AC adaptor only, so don't lose it.

Accepting that the provision of five high quality, simultaneously usable effects for £235 has to be great value for money by anyone's standard (less than 50 quid an effect), it's perhaps inevitable that elsewhere along the line Boss have had to watch the pennies. This is most evident on the BE-5's casing which is rather lightweight and insubstantial, even though the pedal switches themselves are firm and positive under the foot.

The only area for possible criticism is the controls themselves. In the space of less than 11 inches Boss have had to cram in 15 knobs. The result is small, rather fiddly controls which, unlike on a typical FX pedal, you won't be able to tweak mid-flight with the edge of your shoe. To be fair though, the reason – apart from tight spacing – is that the control panel has been recessed to guard against accidental damage.

So the moral is: don't treat the BE-5 like a piece of military hardware; sort out your settings as far as possible before curtain-up; and don't just chuck it in the van after the gig.

HOHNER WINNERZ

■ *HERE AT last are the long-awaited results of our Hohner competition.*

Adam Stout of Potters Bar, Herts wins first prize of a Hohner ST Custom guitar and Sound City 30W amp.

Philip Moore of Co Antrim, Northern Ireland wins second prize of a Hohner 'Jack' guitar and Panther P25R amp.

Paul Stroud of West London wins third prize of a Hohner Arbor FE 622 MXJ guitar and Sound City 30W amp.

Adam and Paul are pictured right with their prizes.

Pic Ray Palmer

METAL GIG GUIDE

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WEDNESDAY 5

DUBLIN Baggot Inn **Wolfsbane**
LEEDS Duchess Of York (0532 453929) **Excalibur/Electric Love**
LONDON Hippodrome **Wrathchild (UK)**
LONDON Loose Lips, Wardour Street **Riff Raff**
LONDON Mean Fiddler, Harlesden (01 961 5490) **Refuse To Bleed**
LONDON Royal Standard, Walthamstow (01 527 1966) **Lord/Rags To Riches**
LONDON Swan, Stockwell **Paddy Goes To Holyhead**
MANCHESTER Venue **Gift**
PORTSMOUTH Albert Tavern, South Parade Pier **Angel Witch/ Decimator**
STOKE Railway **Fifth Avenue**
TONYPANDY Naval Club **Racketeers With Terry Williams**

THURSDAY 6

BELFAST Rosettas **Wolfsbane**
BIRMINGHAM Coach And Horses, Balsall Heath **Pursuit**
BIRMINGHAM Edwards No 8 (021 643 5835) **Pendragon/Jadis**
BLYTH Sports And Social **Gin Sling/Slinky Minx**
BRADFORD Frog And Toad (0274 65588) **Seducer**
BUCKLEY Tivoli (0244 550782) **Lisa Dominique**
CHESTERFIELD Technical College **Lawnmower Deth/Beyond/ Systematic Insanity**
DINNINGTON Lyric Hall **Excalibur/Wanted**
HEREFORD Park Hall Hotel **Wreckage**
HEREFORD Wormlow Park Hall **December Rose**
HUDDERSFIELD Bogeys (0484 24200) **Krakatoa**
LEICESTER Sector 5 **Diamond Lady**
LONDON Bull And Gate, Kentish Town **End**
LONDON Marquee (01 437 6603) **Leatherwolf/Torino**
LONDON Ruskin Arms, East Ham **Winter Of Torment/Warpspeed**
LONDON Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park (01 263 4581) **The Janitors**
MANSFIELD Gigolos **Feline Groove**
MORECAMBE Gardens **Tredegar**
NEWPORT TJ's **Backstreet**
PRESTON Ram's Head, Tarlton **Dirty Weekend**
WALSALL JB's Junction 10 (0922 648100) **Quill/Patriot**
WIMBLEBURY Double MM **Marshall Law/48 Crash/Militia**

LEATHERWOLF: struttin' their funky giblets in London (Thursday 6) and Banbury (Friday 7)

FRIDAY 7

BANBURY United FC Club House (0295 67205) **Leatherwolf/Jester**
BIRMINGHAM Kings Head **Goats Don't Shave**
BRADFORD Circuit 22 **Sweet Fanny Adams/Purple On The Storm/ Beyond**
CARDIFF Bogeys (0222 226168) **Bajjon**
CARDIFF Dowlais **Backstreet**
CRICKLEWOOD Red Lion **Diamond Lady**
CUMBERNAULD Theatre **Drunken State**
DROGHEDA Speakeasy **Wolfsbane**
DUDLEY JB's (0384 53597) **Sandkings/Ember Days**
HAWKHURST Kent Cricketers **Parisienne Blonde**
HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club **4Q**
HUDDERSFIELD Bogeys (0484 24200) **Violante**
LICHFIELD Arts Centre **Lisa Dominique/Dirty Tryx/Prophecy**
LONDON LMS Hendon (01 203 2600) **Dr And The Crippens/Skitzo/ First Blood**
LONDON Marquee (01 437 6603) **Dirty Strangers/Bad Girls/Ciccano Boys**
LONDON Royal Standard, Walthamstow (01 527 1966) **Mournblade/ First Offence**
LONDON ULU, Malet Street **Dawn After Dark/Diesel Park West**
MANCHESTER Thunderdome **Xentrix/Dirty Weekend**
PLYMOUTH Warehouse **Wrathchild (UK)**
ROTHERHAM Sub Club (0709 370701) **Shotgun Brides**

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Sat 22nd	The Polytechnic, Portsmouth
Fri 28th	The Zoo Nightclub, Hanley, Stoke on Trent
Sat 29th	The Stick of Rock, London

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GIG GUIDE

FROM PAGE 39

LAWNMOWER DETH: layin' down the lawn in Chesterfield (Thursday 6)

STOKE Zoo **Marshall Law**
WALLSEND Buddle Arts Centre **You Slosh**
WORTHING Carnegie **Tredegar**

SATURDAY 8

AMERSHAM CY Centre **G E Warriors/Sickophants**
ASHINGTON Central **Gin $ling**
AYLESHAM Unicorn **Bad Lover**
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051 647 6544) **Lisa Dominique**
BRADFORD Circuit 22 **China White/Legion/Dragonzi**
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CARDIFF Bogeys (0222 226168) **Slutt**
CHESTERFIELD ACD **Stateline**
COALVILLE Railway Inn **Refuse To Bleed**
COLCHESTER Arts Centre **Frank White**
CUCKFIELD Kings Head **Cry Wolf**
EDINBURGH Venue (031 557 3073) **Belladonna**
FAVERSHAM Arden Theatre **Howling Fathers/Scavenger**
HASTINGS Yorkshire Grey **Diamond Lady**
LONDON Cartoon, Croydon **Calamity Sox** (lunchtime)
LONDON Marquee (01 437 6603) **Salvation/Lost Angels**
LONDON Red Lion, Brentford (01 560 6181) **Paddy Goes To Holyhead**
LONDON Stick Of Rock, Bethnal Green (01 739 6068) **Dirty Tryx**
MARGATE Kent Hotel **Obliteration**
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE 244 Rock Club **Noussommes**
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic **Marshall Law**
SWANSEA Singleton **Who Hit Jack**
TARVIN Village Green Inn **You Slosh**
TRALLEA Horans Hotel **Wolfsbane**

SUNDAY 9

CORK Sir Henrys **Wolfsbane**
GLASGOW Rooftops **Belladonna**
LONDON Lord Clyde, Leyton (01 539 0094) **Blinder**
LONDON Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park (01 263 4581) **Soulside/Sink/Filler**
LONDON Town And Country Club, Kentish Town **Soul Asylum/John Moore And Expressway/Claytown Troupe**

MONDAY 10

EASTBOURNE Dew Drop Inn **Diamond Lady**
HARLOW The Square **Stormwarning**
LONDON Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park (01 263 4581) **Nobbers From Hell/True Grit/Trash Can Soul/Apostles/Light Whitening**
SOUTHAMPTON West Indian Club **Soulside/Hate That Smile/Corporate Grave**

TUESDAY 11

BARNSLEY Toby Jug (0226 291567) **Electric Love**
LONDON Gossips, Dean Street **Ice Babies**
LONDON Marquee (01 437 6603) **Love Jungle**

MISS DAISY
Hammersmith Odeon, London

PLAYING TO a predominantly ancient audience on a support to Blue Öyster Cult, Italy's Miss Daisy went largely unappreciated.

At London's Hammersmith Odeon this evening, all anyone seems to be interested in is the headline attraction of Mr Eric Bloom and friends.

But Miss Daisy, to their credit, didn't get downhearted.

With both feet planted in the muddy waters of high speed railroad rock, they surely stated their case with volume and aplomb.

Touting the greaseball, gonzoid partnership of Rocco Fortunato and Corrado Ceccere, Miss Daisy straddled the Odeon's stage and let loose their rapid collection of tumbledown riffs and mindf**k tremolo abuse.

If their between-song banter is a little meek – due to language problems – then they compensated well.

Veering deftly from the mild to the mighty, they constantly up-end the expected bombast with a gruff, rutted melody as well as Fortunato's seering hip-solos.

Despite the limitations of a three-piece, the sound is brash and filled with the relentless slog of Fidani's drumming.

At times they could be Coney Hatch, or they could be wild.

Miss Daisy have nothing pretty and even less that is magnificent, yet in the right setting they would be rabid.

Tonight's set is brief and promotes their 'Pizza Connection' album for want of anything better. Somewhere there is a party. CHRIS WATTS

GODSPEED
Town And Country Club, London

GODSPEED HAVE a fuzzbox. Godspeed have a fuzzbox and they're gonna stick it *right* up your bottom.

Tonight there is little dignity in being way down on the bill to the Wonderstuff.

It may not be Godspeed's finest hour and, just like any rock 'n' roll band, they get treated like shit.

No sound, no lights and protracted technical problems are on the menu, but if the band expected anything different then they really do have a problem.

Godspeed – flashy and raw and scalped and not very cute at all – mix their image of crushed velvet bootboys with trad rock stomp. It may be an uncertain union right now, but when Godspeed get it right then the monster in the beast rears its head.

A vocalist, Pedro, who thinks we stink and that he could do better, faces problems tonight. Injecting the strengths of 'Gift Of Speed' and 'Motorist' with any grace or passion is difficult when only a few give a toss. No wonder Pedro later punched out a member of Claytown Troupe at the bar.

Hanging on to the thin wire of hate, uncertainty, momentary inspiration and dour crap, Godspeed are saved by two guitars and the menace of 'Eradiate'.

When Danny's harmonics slip-slide into fuzzbox fury, Godspeed briefly overcome the problems and you just know they could be worthwhile. You just know Godspeed could turn it around.

Tonight, however, was largely uncomfortable.

"That's rock 'n' roll!" Pedro swears as their final number is cut in its infancy by the stage crew.

It wasn't really, but then no one I know has ever slept with Godspeed.

The great undiscovered, Godspeed shall remain a secret weapon until they crystalise from something precious into something furious.

Godspeed will probably get the hang of it. CHRIS WATTS

DEL-LORDS
Borderline, London

IT'S EARLY IN the evening and an active handful of the faithful, the curious and the hopefuls who drift this way are standing almost still. The odd bumper moving in a slick beat to match the tribal thud of Frank Funaro's tight snare and tumbling bass drum.

The place is barely half full, but by about three songs in it's catching sweat in long, shuddering arcs.

Sporadic hand claps merging into finger-snapping, slap-happy two-four.

Smiles wider than the proverbial three miler.

One more gear shift in the shape of 'Judas Kiss' and mouths are moving in breeze-kissed hot-summer-rock-'n'-roll.

'*The radio kept playing/The same olf rotten songs*', the wry lyricism snapped with a dozen half-smiling faces.

Scott Kempner, looking like everyone's favourite uncle, takes gulps in front of the mic, looks as though he recognises at least three faces in the front row and nods the way one would if confronted with an old neighbour on a busy road.

"We've been trying to get here for five years," is how he finally settles it.

He takes up the warm echo of their latest single 'Cheyenne' and pours out a voice like warm bourbon and lets the big chorus ride like a storm getting up over a long distant field of corn.

I mean, that's what it does for me.

They fill all the empty spaces, the dusty corners with a set that fills a room full of blue shadows, and hazy recollection of late nights and empty mornings. But, they are, after all, still only the support act and as such wind up untouched for an encore, the house lights hitting the stage the instant they leave it.

Give them their own back up and a couple of boards, but mostly give them a chance. Real class in torn jeans with a heart of gold.

Rare. PHIL WILDING

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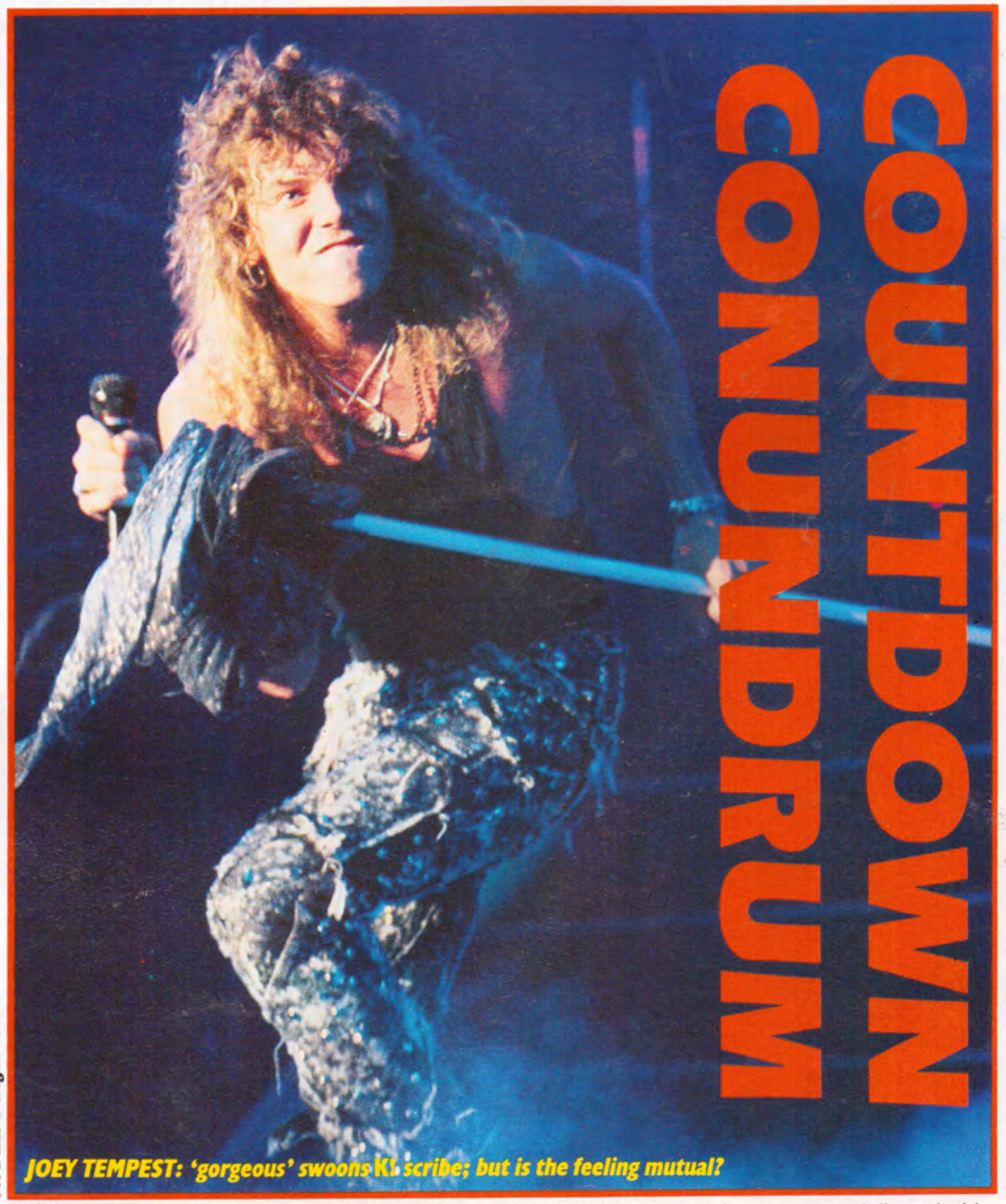

Pic Denis O'Regan/Idols

JOEY TEMPEST: 'gorgeous' swoons KK scribe; but is the feeling mutual?

INCURABLE SCEPTIC that I am, it had crossed my mind that the pairing of Dare with Europe would see Joey and Co running straight back to the rock 'n' roll copybook to rethink their strategy. In fact the two bands emerged on an equal footing.

With two-thirds of a reasonable audience to entertain, Dare were 'out there 'n' running' so to speak. Kicking in with 'Abandon', they were an abject lesson in how to warm up a crowd.

Darren Wharton not only had the benefit of the cleanest corner of the mix (Lord knows why that man began behind a band of keyboards, his voice is potential dynamite), he also led his band with a chummy jocularity that sat naturally on his shoulders.

Playing a well-planned set that built up in passion and power, Dare survived the support band blues, conquered a less than perfect mix and emerged as definite contenders for future headline success.

8.45 pm sharp the lights went down, the curtain dropped and 'Ready Or Not' Europe were there; Mic Michaeli deserting his keyboards to add emphasis to the drums while Joey Tempest punched chords out of an electric wide-bodied guitar that made frequent appearances throughout the two-hour show.

The Swedish superboys have been claiming they are far heavier live in all their pre-tour press and they do not lie!

Though at Brighton much of that heaviness was due to an overladen bottom end with John Leven's bass lines threatening to shake the foundations.

Despite the odd exception, such as the Tempestuous tones drifting slightly off key during 'Danger On The Tracks' and 'Rock The Night' whilst 'Tower's Calling' suffered a mis-start, the band performed with the precision you'd expect with 50-odd dates already behind 'em.

Ian Haughland's drum solo was highly impressive and Kee Marcello's blues-struck string-bending during 'I Got This Feelin'' highlighted his sensitivity as a player.

Combining most of the 'Out Of This World' album with an equal share of '. . . Countdown' tracks and more, Europe most certainly didn't make any concessions towards a teeny audience (though the screaming girlie element of 1987 was mercifully overrun by a mature and predominantly male crowd).

Which leaves me still pondering the strangely muted reaction to the newer numbers and the over-powering air of anticipation just before they played THAT SONG.

Such was the level of hysteria as 'The Final Countdown' took off, it appeared the crowd were there purely to hear the number that set Europe on a rocket ride to stardom. Whether Joey and Co realised this I can't say. Their gorgeous frontman (I won't repeat my thoughts when he emerged in a T-shirt bearing the legend 'Leave Me Alone'!) constantly worked on the audience and the entire performance was delivered with extreme energy, enthusiasm and enjoyment.

Europe *are* a great live rock band, but I have a suspicion that to consolidate their current success and make it last they *must* reduce 'The Final Countdown' to the status of their first hit, rather than their sole classic song.

LYN GUY

HONEY MONSTERS

MUDHONEY
Greyhound, Fulham

IF MUDHONEY owned motorbikes back home in Seattle, they would be bikers. If Mudhoney owned Flying Vs, they would never be Dokken. If Dan played double bass drums, it would be hard for Mark Arm to focus. Y'see, Mudhoney are a rock 'n' roll band and totally the right side of demented. Totally in your face. My face hurt.

"We came all the way from America," Arm announces, "just to f**k up!" That, of course, is a privilege and why Mudhoney are so acceptable to a scum-pit, arm-pit sort of venue like the Greyhound. At lunchtimes you can see strippers on the same stage and Mudhoney are just as enjoyable, gross and wretched if you've had enough to drink.

Fresh from the wreck of the Sonic Youth support, tonight Mudhoney are in their element and digging it with some old guitars and a Big Muff. If at times they look like Sabbat then that, again, is their privilege. To Mark Arm's left, Steve Turner is so into a solitary E, thrashing his mop head like a madhouse auxiliary, that Mudhoney rise above their steaming racket with all the grace of a bulldozer.

Arm – frowning and smiling and sneering all at once – has told us to 'enjoy!'. I see no one with their thumb up their partner's ass, and Ian Astbury to my right is so proud that his black hat slipped and he didn't seem to notice what a prat we all thought he looked. Mark Arm doesn't care if you spit, play air guitar or simply stand watching. So long as Mudhoney force an opinion with their bewildered springboard of eye-poke disdain, then that's just jake.

Musically Mudhoney cut as many corners as they can get away with. Not that Iggy or even Motörhead are about to be upstaged, but then the music from their 'Superfuzz Bigmuff' thing was never, *ever* about cultivating finesse. In a live setting Mudhoney are even more disgusting. Brilliantly disgusting.

Mudhoney come all the way to Fulham to f**k up. If that includes the sheer, lecherous exuberance of their old motor then god spare us if Mudhoney ever come all the way to Fulham to do anything else. Tonight no one is driving home slowly. CHRIS WATTS

MARK ARM of Mudhoney: doing his avant garde tree impression

Pic Ian Jacobs

WHITE ZOMBIE
CBGB's, New York City

ETHEREAL. THERE'S an unnerving calm before the storm, electric anticipation just radiating from the smoke creature being conjured into life 'neath blood red beams.

They're under the harshest glare from their very peers. They never asked for the 'Downtown Noise' tag that's long been so firmly affixed to their patched and tattered bottoms. It's funny, because White Zombie have long been so much more energetic and invigoratingly cathartic than any of those so-called contemporaries. Y'know, that whole Sonic Youth school that preaches the instrumentally untuned, stern visaged gospel.

White Zombie are one of the few who actually look like they might be (God forbid!) HAVING FUN!

They were glorious.

The CBGB's stage has never been such a hypnotic setting, a subtly disturbing backdrop to play out mainmain Rob Straker's tormented, cataclysmic aural acid drop.

If ever a band was to work image to their favour, it would be White Zombie. Straker's too cool, too assured – calling forth death grunts like a pro, an honest to goodness leper messiah, a dreadlocked Jesus fresh off the cross 'n' ready to rock.

Sure, any of the Trouble/Candlemass school. To pin-point White Zombie's sound and direction, check long-defunct Washington DC Hardcores Void.

The gig was a success. Judging from disgruntled scowls from certain NYC sonic-grunge 'gurus' and appreciative fist raising from what appears to be a whole new, far less pretentious generation of Zombie-ites, these one-time so-called 'noisesters' have finally found their niche.

And die slowly we will . . . Gladly. MIKE GITTER

MOD
Streets, New Rochelle, NJ

THERE'S LITTLE completely threatening or malevolent about Billy Milano, especially tonight celebrating the release of his band MOD's 'Gross Misconduct' elpee. He's on his home turf.

A rare showing for the latest aggregation actually, having spent the past few months at Dr Alex Perialas' Pyramid Studios, giving birth to this latest MOD studio effort after only a couple of quite memorable live showings.

For a big guy, Milano's sure an agile bugger, launching his hardly aerodynamic form 'bout the stage for opener 'No Hope'. He's actually come quite a way in the vocal department, incorporating a bit of actual crooning into his distinct, personality laden rantings.

Most impressive was his quite on-key crooning of the old Fear classic, 'I Love Livin' In The City', something he should never have attempted in his primordial SOD days a few years back.

He's finally assembled an outfit worthy of all the hoopla MOD's received from their very inception. Where first album axeman Tim McMurtie seemed by and large a one-dimensional Hardcorist, ex-Zoetrope man Louie Svitek lays down some truly memorable, monstrous riffage.

Even better, bassist John Monte – a grinning, dextrous incubus. A bassist of premier talent who makes the most intricate bass-lines look quite easy. His lightning fast finger flutterings just serve to enhance Tim Mallare's pervasive percussion.

Time to take MOD seriously. That's dead seriousness cuz Big Bill and Co have rapidly developed into one of the most entertaining, hard-hitting powerhouses in the Speed/Power fray, a fact merely reinforced by tonight's completely successful performance. MIKE GITTER

NO EXIT
Greyhound, Fulham

BEING SANDWICHED between an abysmal triumvirate bastardisation of early (Southern Death) Cult and the high quality AORhem of Graffiti is a daunting prospect, especially when the 20-year-old vocalist is considered the 'old man' of the band!

The mainstay of No Exit is the brothers-in-arms team of lead guitarist Nick (15) and bassist Simon Kenny (18).

Their frontman sings well enough, but has much to learn about stagecraft. He grips his mike like a crutch and barely moves whilst the axe-siblings either side almost dance in their enthusiasm.

Their half-hour set, consisting in the main of somewhat derivative verse-chorus-verse-chorus-solo etc workouts, does build to an entertaining groove-inspiring climax (particularly 'Shake It' (?) – a real rockin' roller of a song) and No Exit are learning to seek their identity.

I'm reminded of the first time I saw Excalibur as a young and inexperienced bunch of fresh-faced boys. There is absolutely no reason why these lads shouldn't develop a similar maturity with time. LYN GUY

BACK IN (YELLOW AND) BLACK

STRYPER, HURRICANE
Universal Ampitheater, Los Angeles, CA

SO, THEY finally made it! This was the long-awaited LA homecoming of rock's original Christian band, and Stryper delivered the goods to a near-capacity crowd on this warm Hollywood night.

Openers Hurricane (also from LA) began things slowly but picked up steam, ripping through tunes from their 'Over The Edge' LP. The Alice Cooper classik 'I'm 18' blew away the band's album cut, with a much stronger and heavier live version.

After a synth-flavoured Robert Sarzo guitar solo came the band's hit 'I'm Onto You' which found Kelly Hansen's voice recovering from a sluggish start. Then a crowd favourite, the instrumental 'Baby Snakes' gave each band member a chance to prove that this foursome are one of the most talented Metal bands touring these days. The blistering 'Hurricane' from their first record ended the set on a very high note.

Stryper entered to a deafening roar from the all-ages crowd. Lights blazing, they opened the show with the title-track from their latest platinum album 'In God We Trust'. The band's patented vocal harmonies and skin-tight playing quickly caught fire, never letting-up through their close to two-hour set.

Mixing songs from the four albums, Stryper gave the gathered faithful exactly what they came to see and hear – a little bit of preaching, a dash of special effects, and a lot of heavy rock 'n' roll played the way only Stryper can. The best of the best this night were 'Writings On The Wall' and their latest single 'Keep The Fire Burning' as well as 'Free' and the always awesome 'Calling On You' from their 1986 LP.

Good sometimes led to bad though, as a very creative Tim Gaines bass solo was followed by a basically worthless Oz Fox guitar exercise. And it's also still strange to see the kids in the crowd killing each other to get at the mini-bibles the band frisbee into the arena.

Those two small points aside, Stryper's last US show before a tour of Japan will be remembered as yet another in a long line of quality crusades.

TROY J AUGUSTO

Pic Annamaria DiSanto/Photofeatures

STRYPER'S OZ Fox: riffing out in the name of God

CRONOS
The Paradise, Boston, MA

MY GOD! Be that on-high or from cavernous depths below, he's back! Fortunately, he's got the good sense to forgo the sort of ubiquitous, overblown self-promotion that usually accompanies the re-emergence of a) former rock demi-gods or b) hasbeens.

Cronos is a practical enough feller. Having split Venom with guitarists Mike Hickey and Jimi C in tow, replacing Mr Tony Abbadon with the equally talented Chris Patterson ain't exactly that much of a startling departure from the band's latter-day 'Calm Before The Storm' period.

Venom was a deliciously limited concept - primo mastodon-stomp monolith grunge, phenomenally influential in their sheer over the top presentation and brutally crude musicianship.

They weren't meant to last forever, the bulk of post-'At War With Satan' produce was pitifully sub-standard, the fruits of an outfit feeling their own limitations.

Gone was the sense of overwhelming grandiosity Venom had become synonymous with. No towering drum riser, Hiroshima-like pyros, the larger than life trappings that made the Venom legend. It's now simply the man and his band. Quite a gutsy move actually.

Luckily, the sense of outrage and good humour inherent in the Venom formulae remains. The now considerably pump-muscled Cronos seems to be having something of a lark up there, grinning a rambunctious smile whilst spitting out his familiar, guttural rantings. Likewise gone are the waist-high Doc Martens, spandex 'n' chains of familiar uniform.

For Cronos a Gold's Gym tank-top and black Levis will do fine, thank you.

Material-wise, with the exception of a souped-up 'At War With Satan' there's a definite hesitation toward busting out the old faves. Not entirely surprising considering Cronos' need to establish themselves as an outfit in their own right.

Logically enough 'Calm Before The Storm', a product of three-quarters of this very aggregation, provided the bulk of the set fodder. Granted, that's probably Venom's weakest studio outing, yet the like of opener 'Black Xmass' or 'Muscle' sound damn convincing from this much smaller unit.

Having been together just a few short months, their few newies such as 'Dance In The Fire' or 'Old Enough To Bleed' seem headed in much the same direction the classic outfit were clearly going – more refined with some actual back-ups and vocal harmonies betwixt old Conrad and Jimi C. Definitely not the Venom of old and definitely not trying to be.

Just on their second live outing, Cronos (the band) are coming into their own as a performing unit. Going into this with suitably low expectations, one couldn't help but be pleasantly surprised. They're not the classic outfit of their namesake's past and probably will never regain that stature.

There are, however, damn entertaining. MIKE GITTER

CEREBRAL FIX, TWERP
Barrel Organ, Birmingham

OPENING THREE-piece Twerp were immense. Admittedly, I'd never heard of them – in fact most people at the Barrel Organ seemed pretty vague about who this band were, but they were soon imprinted in the crowd's consciousness.

They played super sonic Thrash, yet every note rang out with a driving intensity that was amazingly clear and full. An interesting mix of songs including a dedication to South Africa's Prime Minister Botha and his heart attack, and their dual vocal style made them cool beyond repair.

A piss-taking 'Staying Alive' intro blared out of the speakers and clouds of dry ice billowed across the stage. It appears that Cerebral Fix are rapidly turning away from their spartan Hardcore roots they were spawned and festered in and are poised to hurl themselves long-haired and loud towards the Metal Thrash domain of aggressive headbanging and slam diving pit orgies.

By no means am I saying they have fully abandoned Hardcore because Cerebral Fix dish up large servings of hyper grindy guitars, furious drums and tortured wailing that Britcore bands specialise in, but they incorporate a vast amount of blatant Thrash Metal into their songs that is setting them apart from their counterparts. It was evident more and more as the gig progressed.

After blazing through old shrieking Speedsters like 'Skate Drunk', their new songs 'Tower Of Spite' and 'Eternal Winter' conjure images of early Celtic Frost bass riffery and Nuclear Assault's skilful blend of Hardcore energy with Metal.

They played a little rough tonight, sometimes their tunes shambled and rambled along like a shaky drunken sailor, but when they manage to pull it all together the power and performance was a tasty glimpse of brilliance yet to come. MARION GARDEN

KERROSSWORD SOLUTION **(from page 14)**

ACROSS
1. Harvester Of Sorrow **8.** Ricky Medlocke **10.** Sin **12.** Ice **13.** Sailing **14.** Ten **16.** Galley **17.** Me **18.** Nut **21.** Girlschool **23.** Atomic **25.** Ian **26.** Out Of Control **29.** Gene **30.** Summers **33.** Surrender To **36.** Warm **38.** Alone **39.** Stationary

DOWN
1. Here I Go Again **2.** Rocket **3.** The Evil That Men Do **4.** Roll **5.** Faces **6.** One Vice At A Time **7.** Russian **9.** Young **11.** Night **15.** Aero **19.** Uli **20.** Frank **22.** Smoke **24.** Co **27.** Foxtrot **28.** One **30.** Shout **31.** Sammy **32.** Asia **34.** Rio **35.** Eye

ANY KWESTIONS?

If you've got a Metal-related problem, write to our resident Mayhemic Mastermind ANDY BOOT. The address: Any Kwestions?, Kerrang!, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

YOU RECENTLY reviewed a book called 'Kiss: Still On Fire' by Dave Thomas and Anders Holm, published by Caroline. I've tried everywhere to get a copy, but can't seem to find one. Where can I get it? ***Melvyn Barker*, Nantwich**

Well, you'd think that a place like WH Smith would stock a book like that, wouldn't you? And so they do – but there are problems.

I rang Smiths to check if '**Kiss: Still On Fire**' was on their shelves, and I was told that rock titles (or indeed any book) are quite easy for them to stock if they come from a large publisher, or one with a good wholesaler – which is why rock books published by (say) Omnibus or Sidgwick And Jackson are fairly easy to buy.

However, smaller publishers tend to have trouble with wholesalers, unless they go through bigger publishers (rather like it is with indie labels). So Caroline may be having trouble getting their book from themselves to people like Smiths, who would like to stock it.

However, fear not, for I have dug out a few places where you may be able to get it through the post! All these companies deal in old and new rock books, so send an SAE for their catalogues: **Wiltshire Music Books, PO Box 221, Swindon SN5 7BS; Beech Books And Records, 286 Oldbury Road, Blackheath, Rowley Regis, Warley, West Midlands; A&R Booksearch, High Close, Winnick, Lanreath, Looe, Cornwall PL13 2PF.**

(Editor's note: Rumour has it that the publishing date of 'Kiss: Still On Fire' has been delayed because of legal problems. As soon as these are resolved, we'll let you know.)

IS THE background music in the 'Winners' ad on TV by Motörhead? I think it's 'Built For Speed' – or else someone's ripping them off! ***Basher Eyre, Cosham***

I caught this ad, and I reckon you're right. It is '**Built For Speed**' by **Motörhead**, but it does sound a bit odd. And I think I can tell you why.

Y'see, when an ad company wants to use a piece of recorded music for an ad, they have to pay the songwriter, the record company and band involved.

Pic Fin Costello

AN ARTISTICALLY-miffed Lemmy prepares to execute a session singer responsible for contributing vocals to a soundalike version of Motörhead's 'Ace Of Spades'

which is expensive. So what they tend to do is record a soundalike version. This means a bunch of session hacks try to recreate the original for only a fraction of the cost (they only have to pay publishing royalties then!).

C'MON, BOOT, let us new rockers know what AOR stands for. What's the secret – and no jokes! ***Kit, Sale, Cheshire***

So charmingly put, how could I resist? **Heathcliff The Heavy Metal Cat** (who sits by me as I write) is a bit of a Thrasher, and swears it stand for 'Another 'Orrible Record'. But he is wrong, my angels!

AOR actually stands for 'Adult Orientate Rock', as those of us with a more melodic bent (ooer!) will tell you, and dates back to US radio-programming in the late '70s, when it was used to describe the **Eagles, Fleetwood Mac,** *et al.*

Now, of course, it's a little more refined, encompassing bands that mix melody with their raunch (and lotsa keyboards, as **Derek** would like me to remind you).

LAST YEAR I went to see Cinderella on the 'Long Cold Winter' tour, and there weren't any programmes on sale. Do you know how I could get one, as this is the only programme that I have missing from my collection? ***Douglas Rae, Hawick, Scotland***

Far be it from me to stand between a man and his programme collection. The merchandisers for that particular tour were **Brockum International,** and if you write to them explaining what it is that you want, they'll be able to tell you if they have any copies available. The address is: **78 Harley House, Marylebone Road, NW1.**

CAN YOU please tell me if Poison have a fan club or somewhere I can get in touch with them? ***Wendy, Bucks***

The sad fact is that Poison don't as yet have a fan club – at least, not to cover the UK. However, I am given to understand that one is on its way, and in the meantime you can write c/o their press officer **Dave Pitman,** at **EMI Records, 20 Manchester Square, London W1.**

And before I go, can I ask you not to send any SAEs with your letters, as I'm under pain of death not to enter into any personal correspondence. If you are silly enough to put an SAE in, I shall just have to donate them to **Skarlet**'s stamp collection!

POISON: fan club fax

SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!

Fed up with slogging down to your local retailer only to find that he's just sold the last copy of *Kerrang!*? Why not take out a **SUBSCRIPTION** and have it delivered in a nice plain brown envelope (so the neighbours will never know).

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KULTURE

INTO THE ARENA

The strange and terrible saga of *Kerrang!* scribe MICK WALL and the BBC's 'Arena' Heavy Metal TV Special – due for broadcast this Friday (April 7). By JON HOTTEN

IT'S WEDNESDAY afternoon, *Kerrang!* writer Mick Wall is on the telephone to me, and there is Fear And Loathing in the fine tradition of Dr Hunter S Thompson himself going down.

We're talking about the BBC's 'Arena' programme and, in particular, its Heavy Metal Special – due to be broadcast on April 7.

Mick has been employed by the BBC as an 'adviser' for six months or so on this rather unlikely mix of Auntie Beeb and Nasty Bastard Nephew Heavy Metal.

The usual amount of broken promises and lies have taken place, and Mick has just seen a finished copy of the film.

"It's a piece of shit! I want to quote on it," he screams.

"When I was originally approached, I was told that they (the BBC) wanted to make 'a definitive statement' on Heavy Metal. The programme was going to be 90 minutes long, and the idea was that I would present it. (*Mick is an experienced TV presenter, having been involved with Sky TV's 'Monsters Of Rock' show for a number of years – Ed.*)

"Now it's down to 60 minutes so that it won't clash with 'Newsnight', or some bullshit excuse. It's exactly the programme I didn't want to make. It's parochial and patronising.

"I'm thinking of asking them to take my name off the credits of this thing. But look, you've not even seen it yet. Don't let me influence you. If you like it, say so . . ."

MICK HAD put a lot of effort into the programme, setting up interviews with Def Leppard, Jimmy Page, Iron Maiden, and Ozzy – the kind of people you need to be talking to about this sort of thing.

The interviews with Page and Joe Elliott of Def Leppard were both lengthy, and Page also agreed to play his acoustic guitar for the cameras.

In the finished show, Page appears playing the riffs to 'Kashmir' and 'She Moved Through The Fair', and talks for 10 seconds.

Joe Elliott, lead singer of the world's most successful Heavy Metal band, the band who've made a couple of the biggest selling Metal albums of all time ('Pyromania' and 'Hysteria'), the band who dominated the American market for a year, doesn't appear at all.

Guns N' Roses, the world's most controversial and dynamic new band, who've sold 10 million copies of their debut album, utter a few sentences to camera before disappearing. No live footage of them doing their stuff is shown.

Napalm Death, a mildly obscure UK Thrash band with limited horizons give interviews worthy of Spiñal Tap about teenage satanism and a worldwide Metal penpal network, are filmed watching a horror movie, and play two songs.

Lars Ulrich of Metallica was interviewed for an hour-and-a-half by the 'Arena' team. He appears once in the programme, talking about the first Metal gig he attended. Metallica appear live at Hammersmith Odeon, playing a couple of minutes' worth of 'Seek And Destroy'.

Bruce Dickinson appears for approximately as long, fencing and pedalling an exercise bicycle.

I gradually begin to realise that Mick was right. This is a piece of shit.

INSTEAD OF A definitive statement – which could reasonably be expected to chart the genesis and development over three decades of Heavy Metal; mention its numerous sub-genres and spin-offs; its survival of the Punk revolution and rebirth in the NWOBHM; talk about its current, crazy peak of popularity, especially in America, the world's largest marketplace – we get Donington promoter Maurice Jones explaining the layout of the backstage tents at last year's Castle Donington Monsters Of Rock Festival.

Instead of an examination of the extraordinary loyalty and devotion of the fans, a look at Metal as a social culture; instead of an appraisal of the demographic spread of followers and bands; instead of an analysis of Metal as a genre within music itself . . . we get an off-camera shot of a boy drawing circles on a legal pad that supposedly represents the evolution of Thrash Metal from Led Zeppelin, and a film of assorted headbangers and doom-dancers sparsely dotted around the floor of Nottingham Rock City's depressing Heavy Metal disco.

Instead of flying visits to the thriving Metal scenes in Germany, Los Angeles, New York and the British provinces; instead of a look at the differences in dress and approach between, say, a Marquee Glam Rocker and a Bay Area Thrash-boy; instead of charting the rise of a band from the pub circuit to the stadium . . . we get Kiss playing 'Rule Britannia' at a soundcheck.

Instead of hearing the views of record companies, both major and specialist independent, on the signing and development of bands, on how to market Metal and how much money can be made from it; instead of a look at what makes a successful Metal song and album; instead of talking to some of the virtuoso guitarists who've given so much to music as a whole (you can catch Eddie Van Halen on a Michael Jackson record, as if you didn't know) . . . we get a bald man with Osmond-size teeth and a strange sweatshirt claiming to have a degree.

He appears on screen twice as many times, and for twice as long as David Lee Roth.

Instead of some informed opinion on the future of the genre . . . we get a half-assed stab at defining what the words 'Heavy Metal' mean.

Instead of a programme that is informative, entertaining and educational to a non-fan or parent as well as a rabid Metal maniac . . . we get the same old tired horseshit that perpetuates the usual Metal clichés without portraying the colour, fun and humour inate in the music.

PROGRAMME PRODUCER Helen Gallagher had the big chance. She had access to the personalities and the knowledge she needed to make this programme one to remember. She blew it.

Much as I hate to pander to Wall's already ridiculously inflated ego, he, or anyone who's his equal in experience in this dirty business, could have made the programme work. As it stands, I hope he manages to get his credit taken off.

To draw a sporting analogy, the BBC have made a programme that is the equivalent of filming a documentary about Chelsea, Glasgow Rangers and the Tampa Bay Rowdies, and calling it a definitive statement on world football.

But, in the words of Wall, a truly twisted individual if ever I spoke with one, don't let me influence you.

After all, even Napalm Death have fans.

NAPALM DEATH: more exposure than Leppard or Guns N' Roses

JOE ELLIOTT: relegated to the cutting room floor

PAGE: 20 years in 10 seconds

WIDE-EYED AND HEADLESS

BLACK SABBATH, born (yet) again, are back to reclaim their former status as the world's top bludgeon Metallists! That's what we usually say around the time of a new LP release from TONY IOMMI & Co, and up 'til now history has always proved us to be disastrously wrong. So why should you believe HOWARD JOHNSON when he tells you that, with the likes of COZY POWELL and TONY 'CAT' MARTIN in the ranks, the band have at last got it right and are ready to roar once more? Because, this time around, it's the Goddamn *truth*, that's why . . .

GULLIBLE.

THAT'S a good word, isn't it?

Rolls off the tongue with a rounded ease.

It's a word you'd love to use when describing one of your worst enemies, isn't it?

Hardly the kind of term that you'd like to see applied to your good self though, is it?

And hey, maybe it's a word that you'll be casting in my direction once you've read this little piece of literary wisdom. Who knows?

Cos in this little game, my friends, you are the only ones who can be the judge of that.

You may want to call me gullible.

You may find that you'll be proclaiming I've finally gone and lost the very few marbles that remain rolling around my cerebellum.

After all, it's been an almighty long time since someone had either the balls or the downright foolhardiness to proclaim that Black Sabbath have once again gone and got it right.

It's been a long time since anybody put hand on heart and actually believed that the darkest of Brummie rockers had actually come good again, had actually managed to rekindle the great fires of yore, had actually made a record that could sit happily alongside such aural treats as 'Sabotage' and 'Paranoid'.

Even longer since a man who has only heard a measly four tracks from a forthcoming Sabbath long player could feel confident enough to claim that the rolling, rumbling machine was most definitely back on the hot rails to hell.

But hell, yeah, I've always loved living on the edge, and with a pre-release cassette of selected numbers from the forthcoming Black Sabbath album 'The Headless Cross' burning a hole in my leather pants, I'm gonna stick my head in the noose, put my reputation on the line and, yup, even risk accusations of being a gullible old fool by telling you that Black Sabbath are back in the saddle and riding into town with guitars slung low and a whole new vibrant spirit tucked into their saddle bags.

I kid you not, Black Sabbath sound like a band again. The beast is ready to roar!

IT HAS TO be said. Whether or not the material that has spewed forth from the celebrated left-handed axe of Tony Iommi has been good, bad or indifferent, Black Sabbath hasn't really felt like a band since Ozzy Osbourne decided that he was going to stake out his own territory.

Well, on second thoughts, that's a bit harsh – when Iommi, bassist Geezer Butler, drummer Bill Ward and vocalist Ronnie James Dio were getting all pompous with albums like 'Heaven And Hell' and 'Mob Rules', there was still life in the old dog.

It felt relevant and vital.

However, ever since the balding, diminutive Yank with the larger-than-life voice decided he was man enough to handle the job alone, Sabbath have floundered.

Like a beached whale that valiantly struggles to make it back to the cool water, Sabbath have persevered in their attempts to recapture the glory days, the days when the boys in black ruled the planet as the heaviest, most happening dudes around.

With Tony Iommi at the helm, the name of the Sabs has been dragged through the mud, despite their attempts to make the whole deal seem real again.

Names have come and gone, some big, some not quite so big, yet none have ever made me (and probably you) believe that this really was Black Sabbath grinding it out on your turntable.

Ian Gillan, Dave Spitz, Bev Bevan, Glenn Hughes, Ray Gillen – the list is endless, the failures many.

It's been sad to see, and therefore it's doubly delightful to feel in my old bones that at last Sabbath have got it right!

WHY SHOULD it be any different in April of '89? After all, hasn't Iommi just brought in a bunch of hired hands yet again? Just another group of guys that he half-believes can revive a flagging career?

Yeah, you could very easily believe that.

And when I tell you that the man occupying the drum stool is none other than Cozy Powell, reputedly the biggest rock mercenary out there, then you'd probably be all for that particular theory.

Ah, but you ain't sitting right beside me in a little bar in the tiny village of Battle, just north of Hastings!

You ain't sharing a pint and a bit of banter with Iommi and Powell.

You can't see the very noticeable twinkle in the eyes.

You can't feel a very obvious air of determination and enthusiasm in the ranks.

Well, it's these qualities that have turned me into a Sabbath believer once more.

These qualities, and the four pre-release tracks I mentioned earlier.

'The Headless Cross' is the album that could well re-affirm everybody's faith in our favourite doomsters. Out of the mire at last, is what I think. And believe me, the shit that our Tone has waded through to reach this new hope is of gargantuan proportions:

"There hasn't really been a lot going on as far as being in the public eye is concerned since the 'Eternal Idol' album back in '87," explains the broad Brummie brogue.

"I really had to take time out to sort out all of the business that had gone to pot. The relationship that we had with the management wasn't as it should be, and we really wanted to be out of the deal that we had with Warners and Phonogram.

"It was simply one of those situations of having been with the same company for far too long. 20 years is a bit much, and it really wasn't happening any more. I felt like I was just a part of the furniture – and that was very soul-destroying.

"I would spend all this time writing and recording new material, and they just wouldn't work on the record when it came out.

"I was frustrated because the record company even admitted that they didn't do any work at all on the 'Eternal Idol' album. They actually admitted it!

"And then I found out that the management and the record company didn't get on either. Both sides were trying to milk each other for as much as they could get and, of course, it was the band, stuck in the middle, that really suffered.

"At first I couldn't understand what the hell was going on, because after the 'Seventh Star' album Warners had desperately wanted to re-sign the group and had topped all the other offers that we'd had – and then done nothing with the record. It was ridiculous, and it was just a matter of having been bed-partners for far too long!"

BED-PARTNERS they may have been but, in retrospect, Iommi is positive about which of the two sides was wearing the pyjamas in that particular relationship:

"I had my hands tied throughout most of the last few years, whereby I couldn't do anything that I really wanted to and I had to abide by the record company and management decisions.

"I desperately wanted the 'Seventh Star' project to be released as a Tony Iommi solo record, because that's exactly what it was, but my arm was twisted and so it ended up as a Black Sabbath album.

"That was the only reason why the line-up that was involved in that project ended up out on the road – because people wanted a band to promote the Black Sabbath album.

"It was the only way they would have put the record out, so what could I do? That tour was a shambles!

"I didn't really want to take Glenn Hughes out on the road, because although he's a tremendous talent, he's not exactly what you'd call reliable. He's a great all-rounder, but the problems started by his bass being a little too funky for us, so he was going to go out and simply be the frontman.

"He'd never sung without his bass and he went to pieces. He didn't know what to do with his

KONTINUEZ PAGE 52

"All these other so-called 'satanic' bands make me laugh. Their hearts don't really seem to be in it. It's a trend, whereas we were doing it because we really *did* believe in it!" – TONY IOMMI

BLACK SABBATH (from left): Cozy Powell, Tony Iommi, Tony 'Cat' Martin

Pic George Bodnar

BLACK SABBATH

Pix George Bodnar

YAMAHA
YAMAHA

YAMAHA
AMAHA

HEADLESS

FROM PAGE 48

hands; he got stage fright and he went to pieces!

"The whole thing was disastrous and very upsetting.

"Even after Ozzy had left, Sabbath had maintained a certain standard with Dio and Gillan, but it all went wrong after that. "We lost a lot of credibility there."

Exactly! To be frank and brutal, that's what the name of the game is for Tony Iommi in '89. It's all about making punters, the guys and girls who cough up the wedge, believe in Black Sabbath again. It ain't gonna be easy, and Iommi is well aware of that, but he's put his back into it and he's enlisted the help of one of rock's wiliest old dogs in the process.

To be honest, I'm more than a little surprised to find Cozy Powell sitting with us at the bar, calm, relaxed, and amiable as you please.

As you'll no doubt be aware, Cozy is pretty notorious for what some have called a mercenary attitude to his art. 'If you pay, I'll hit' is the catchphrase many would have associated with him. So it hardly tallies that he's taking time out to do interviews to promote some other bloke's product. And that's the point.

"YEAH, I KNOW I've got a reputation," laughs Cozy. "But you should never believe everything you read! The only reason I get into trouble is because I say what I think. If you can't say your piece, it's a pretty poor show. Anyway, the only reason I'm here doing interviews is because I want to. This is not just another 'hired gun' situation – far from it!

"You see, this is something Tony and I have been planning for a long time now. We knew each other even before Black Sabbath started because I was playing in bands in Birmingham years back – lived there for a while.

"Tony asked me to join Sabbath 10 years ago, but I was in Rainbow at the time and the time wasn't – and hasn't been – right. Until now.

"I finished a disastrous ELP project last year, and was trying to get something sorted out with John Sykes. That wasn't coming together because of a lot of stuff that was going on behind the scenes, and I just got fed up with it.

"So when Tony phoned me up, I finally had the chance to do something that I'd been wanting to do for years. It's been a very unusual project, because it's really the first time since Rainbow that I've actually been *involved*.

"I've been in so many situations where I play the drums, I do the tour and then I leave, that I think I was starting to lose a little bit of direction. I hadn't really been given the freedom that I needed.

"I've followed Sabbath since they started, so I'm thrilled to be able to really be a part of the band – and it was always my intention to do this, just to scotch any rumours before they start."

By this I presume Cozy means the Gary Moore episode, where he left the band at the very outset of a tour . . .

"Exactly. I had already recorded 'The Headless Cross' and co-produced it with Tony, and I was very committed to the project.

"Gary knew that, and he knew that I was just waiting for Tony to get the logistics of the project together.

"Gary phoned me up and asked me to help out on his album and tour and I said yes, since the schedules didn't clash. Then Gary's stuff got delayed and the Sabbath thing was brought forward, so they overlapped.

"There was never any doubt in my mind as to what I wanted to do.

"Then, while I was wondering exactly how things would work out, I realised that Gary was asking me to play the drums live exactly as *he* wanted, without any of my own input at all. I would have thought that you don't hire someone like me to do that, and although it really wasn't that big a deal, it sort of made my mind up for me."

AND BESIDES that, Cozy is adamant that the working relationship he has with Iommi is something very special:

"That was one of the main reasons I got so enthusiastic and committed about Sabbath," Cozy explains.

"In the past I've always had to battle with the rest of the people in the various bands. The list has been endless. Schenker, Blackmore, Coverdale, Jeff Beck – this is the first time that I can put my hand on my heart and say that it's a real pleasure working with someone all the time.

"And I'm not just saying that because the guy's sitting here. I've cancelled everything to get on with this project. "This band will stick together and work together, and people had better start getting used to the idea.

"There's been a lot of crap written about Black Sabbath – some of it justified, and some not – but we are prepared to end all the speculation and all the rumours. Like, 'Is Tom Jones in the band or isn't he?', all that business. Nobody's really been around to answer back at this crap, but now we're prepared to put our careers on the line and end that talk.

"A lot of Black Sabbath fans

Pic George Bodnar

COZY POWELL (pictured above with Tony Iommi): "This is not just another 'hired gun' situation – far from it!"

WILL THE real Black Sabbath please stand up? Reproduced on this page, just four of the multitude of Sabs line-ups over the years. Above we see Tone 'n' Geezer with Ronnie James Dio and Vinnie Appice . . .

HERE WE have our dynamic duo with Ian Gillan and Bev Bevan . . .

desperately want a great album from the band, but they also want a band that will go out and do some great live shows to prove that they are the best. We're going to do it."

Now you can see why I don't believe I'm being all that gullible in crediting Sabbath with more than a fighting chance. Especially when they have the rare vocal talents of Brummie Tony Martin in the ranks.

His performance on the 'Eternal Idol' album wasn't bad by any means but, as Iommi rightly points out, he had no creative input on that record.

This time around it's a whole different ball game. The power and precision of the vocal performances on the new single and title track are bound to thrill both die-hard Sabs fans and new ears alike. Iommi and Powell can scarcely believe their luck!

"He's virtually undiscovered," laughs Cozy, "and he's got so much enthusiasm that I'm convinced he's going to become a very big name. He just goes in the studio and sings! He's no prima donna; he doesn't need honey and lemon at all hours of the day. And, most importantly, he's a brilliant storyteller – ideal for Sabbath."

"And he fits into the Sabbath style perfectly," adds Iommi. "You can't write songs about taking your girl down to the diner in your Corvette – it would be the wrong feel for Sabbath. Because Tony's just another guy from Brum he can sing our kind of stuff from the heart."

EVEN IF THE lyrical fare often revolves around the traditional Sabbath larder of doom and gloom?

"Yeah, Tony can handle that too, because he's really into the black arts," says Iommi. "He studies it and so he's very believable, both as a singer and as a narrator.

"That was Ronnie Dio's style too, and he made it work as well. "Ian Gillan wasn't really right for us, and he'd be the first to admit it.

"Tony has the knowledge and research to back it up.

"For example, the song 'The Headless Cross' is based on a real place, just outside Redditch in the West Midlands, called Headless Cross, and Tony's amalgamated the name of the place with a true event where a plague wiped out another Midlands town called Alvechurch, and they tried to ward off evil spirits with crosses. It's not just mumbo jumbo!"

Unlike a lot of so-called 'satanic' bands.

The topic leads me to probe Iommi on his reactions to such groups and their misguided homage to him:

"Well, to be honest, all these other bands make me laugh" – and Iommi does so.

"I was in LA last week and someone gave me about six cassettes of groups performing our songs. It was funny, really funny.

"I suppose I should be flattered, but it doesn't seem to me as if their hearts are really in it. It's a trend, whereas we were doing it because we really did believe in it. Maybe they can write the next album for us!

Well, they'll have a job coming up with anything as good as Sabbath have this time around.

The excitement and energy fair leap out of the grooves on the new material.

"Rock has to be fun," states Cozy. "Even if it's all about death, you still have to feel the musicians having a good time. It's enthusiastic death by Black Sabbath!"

And believe you me, I don't think that the chaps in the band would be mooching around the grounds of Battle Abbey, freezing their nuts off in the middle of the night, making a video for 'The Headless Cross', if they really weren't all that excited about this new beginning.

Nor would they be setting off on a mammoth world tour in support of the record, starting in theatre-sized American venues and hopefully reaching the UK in September.

It's a back-to-the-roots trek, building a following up from ground level again, and proving to the cynics that there's life in the old dog yet.

No bassist has been announced as yet, but the chaps assure me he'll be a name you know – and a name to stay!

(The chap who played on the album, a mysterious short-haired gent who happens to drink at Krusher's local, is off fulfilling other commitments. Still, short barnets would never look too cool in Black Sabbath!)

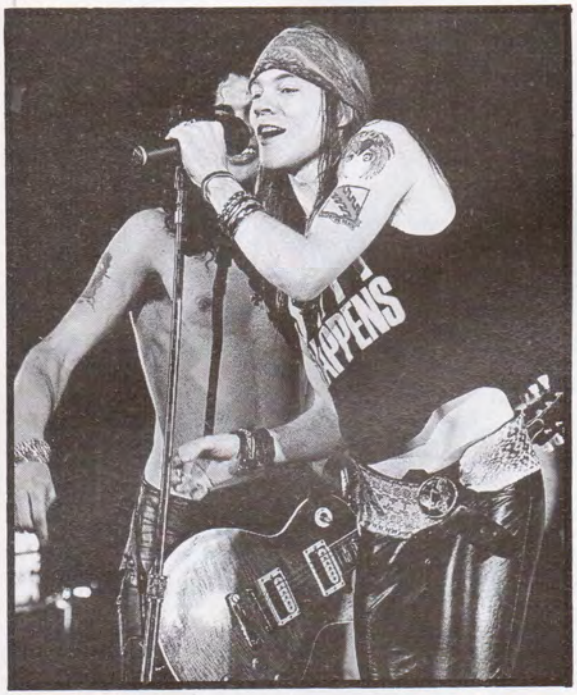
Well, what more is there left to say, other than . . . 'LET BATTLE COMMENCE!'

NOW IT'S Tone alone with Dave Spitz, Glenn Hughes, Eric Singer and Geoff Nichols . . .

AND FINALLY we see Iommi and Butler back together with original drummer Bill Ward and . . . just who is that other bloke in the photo? Wasn't he called David Doughnut or something? Who knows?

NEXT ISSUE

Only seven days to go until another hot edition of Kerrang! *hits the streets!*



'ERE! WHERE'VE you lot been? Everyone else has gone, the last thank-you speech ended hours ago, and all that remains is the litter of empty champagne bottles, tear-soaked Kleenex and a few old envelopes

Hold on though: wassis? An *unopened* envelope marked, 'For *Kerrang!* Readers Only'. Holy shit . . . I'm so nervous I can hardly open it. Here goes. . .

● The winner in the Best Cover Story section for Next Week's *Kerrang!* is GUNS N' ROSES. Er. . . they're not here at the moment but Mick Wall is over in LA to hand the Oscar to SLASH, who was also nominated as the Man Most Likely To Get Interviewed By Mick Wall

● Best No Nonsense Shitkicker From Down Under Award goes to JOHNNY DIESEL, who'll be picking up his award from Phil Wilding in the Jeff Healey tour supporting role

● Best Name That Sounds Like An Old Boot Award goes to TUFF who'll be getting, er. . . tough with Dave Reynolds cos he got their Oscar dirty

● Best Name That Best Describes Krusher Joule The Morning After Award is granted to WHITE ZOMBIE over in New York, where the Duke Of Death Don Kaye is on hand to do the business

● And finally, Best Kompetition That Time Forgot Award goes to *Kerrang!*'s 'The 100 Greatest Heavy Metal Albums Of All Time' competition that graced the four-part Big *K!* supplement of the same name way back in January. We feature the winning entry and reveal why it took so long to pick it.

All that and mountains more in *Kerrang!* 234, cover-dated April 15, on sale Wednesday April 12.

PANDORA PEROXIDE

by Ray Zell

HALT!
SHIT.
RATATATATATATATATATA!
SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIT.
KPOW!
KPOW!
KPOW!
RATATATATATATATA
BOOO

METAL CHARTZ

Who's in and who's out, who's up and who's down, who's hot and who's not. . . find out right here on the page for all pop pickers 'n' Metal lickers!

ALBUMS

1	2	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
2	3	HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
3	4	OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH! **Poison** (Capitol)
4	5	RADIO ONE **Jimi Hendrix** (Collector Series)
5	6	GN'R LIES **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
6	1	A GRAVEYARD OF EMPTY BOTTLES **Dogs D'Amour** (China)
7	–	FORCE MAJEURE **Doro** (Vertigo)
8	7	VIXEN **Vixen** (Manhattan)
9	8	NEW JERSEY **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
10	13	SOFT METAL **Various** (Stylus)
11	11	AFTER THE WAR **Gary Moore** (10)
12	14	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
13	12	STATE OF EUPHORIA **Anthrax** (Island/Megaforce)
14	18	SLIPPERY WHEN WET **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
15	20	SOMEWHERE IN TIME **Iron Maiden** (Fame/EMI)
16	15	THE GREAT RADIO CONTROVERSY **Tesla** (Elektra)
17	16	FOUR SYMBOLS **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
18	9	STREET READY **Leatherwolf** (Island)
19	27	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST **Iron Maiden** (Fame/EMI)
20	17	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Epic)
21	19	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
22	37	PIECE OF MIND **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
23	23	POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
24	10	INTUITION **TNT** (Vertigo)
25	31	PYROMANIA **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
26	22	A SHOW OF HANDS **Rush** (Vertigo)
27	–	GROSS MISCONDUCT **MOD** (Noise International)
28	39	. . . AND JUSTICE FOR ALL **Metallica** (Vertigo)
29	30	HELTER SKELTER **Vow Wow** (Arista)
30	25	SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
31	35	THE THIEVING MAGPIE (LA GAZZA LADRA) **Marillion** (EMI)
32	28	WHITESNAKE 1987 **Whitesnake** (EMI)
33	re	BACK IN BLACK **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
34	29	HOUSE OF LORDS **House Of Lords** (RCA)
35	21	SKID ROW **Skid Row** (Atlantic)
36	32	LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
37	36	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
38	26	LONG COLD WINTER **Cinderella** (Vertigo)
39	re	VAN HALEN **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
40	re	OUT OF THIS WORLD **Europe** (Epic)
41	34	LED ZEPPELIN III **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
42	24	A HOLOCAUST IN YOUR HEAD **Extreme Noise Terror** (Head Eruption)
43	33	ON THROUGH THE NIGHT **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
44	re	WHO MADE WHO **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
45	43	SMASHES, THRASHES & HITS **Kiss** (Vertigo)
46	50	W.A.S.P. **W.A.S.P.** (Fame/EMI)
47	–	THE SINGLES ALBUM **Jimi Hendrix** (Polydor)
48	re	HIGH AND DRY **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
49	40	ARE YOU SITTING COMFORTABLY? **IQ** (Squawk/Vertigo)
50	44	GUITAR MASTERS **Various** (Roadrunner)

US HM RADIO

1	2	FABULOUS DISASTER **Exodus** (Combat)
2	1	. . . AND JUSTICE FOR ALL **Metallica** (Elektra)
3	3	BLESSING IN DISGUISE **Metal Church** (Elektra)
4	5	THE GREAT RADIO CONTROVERSY **Tesla** (Geffen)
5	4	SKID ROW **Skid Row** (Atlantic)
6	8	LEAVE SCARS **Dark Angel** (Combat)
7	6	THE VISITOR **INC** (Giant)
8	15	ANNIHILATION PRINCIPLE **Lääz Rockit** (Enigma)
9	14	DIRTY ROTTEN FILTHY STINKING RICH **Warrant** (Columbia)
10	10	KILL TO SURVIVE **Meliah Rage** (Epic)
11	12	GN'R LIES **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
12	19	STATE OF EUPHORIA **Anthrax** (Megaforce)
13	11	BLACK DAZE **Wasted Youth** (Medusa)
14	9	SURF NICARAGUA **Sacred Reich** (Metal Blade)
15	–	BORN TO EXPIRE **Leeway** (Profile)
16	re	NO REST FOR THE WICKED **Ozzy Osbourne** (CBS)
17	16	BACK WITH A BONG **Murphy's Law** (Profile)
18	17	OPERATION: MINDCRIME **Queensrÿche** (Capitol)
19	–	AFTER THE WAR **Gary Moore** (Virgin)
20	–	CONCRETE KILLERS **Shok Paris** (IRS Metal)

Compiled by Jem Aswad for the CMJ Music Report, 830 Willis Avenue, Albertson, New York 11507, USA

SINGLES

1	1	PARADISE CITY **Guns N' Roses** (Geffen)
2	2	EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN **Poison** (Capitol)
3	3	ANTI-SOCIAL **Anthrax** (Island/Megaforce)
4	–	FEELS SO GOOD **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
5	4	READY FOR LOVE **Gary Moore** (Virgin)
6	5	MEAN MAN **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
7	6	CRYIN' **Vixen** (Manhattan)
8	9	ROCKET **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
9	7	LET THE GOOD TIMES ROCK **Europe** (Epic)
10	–	NUKLEAR ROKKET **Wrathchild** (FM)
11	8	WHEN THE CHILDREN CRY **White Lion** (Atlantic)
12	11	DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU GOT ('TIL IT'S GONE) **Cinderella** (Vertigo)
13	10	BIG BAD EP **Little Angels** (Polydor)
14	13	HELTER SKELTER **Vow Wow** (Arista)
15	12	I WANNA BE LOVED **House Of Lords** (RCA)
16	14	HOW COME IT NEVER RAINS **Dogs D'Amour** (China)
17	19	AFTER THE WAR **Gary Moore** (10)
18	15	PASSION RULES THE GAME **Scorpions** (Harvest)
19	20	PURPLE HAZE **Jimi Hendrix** (Polydor)
20	re	I'M ON TO YOU **Hurricane** (Enigma)

INDIE METAL

1	14	GROSS MISCONDUCT **MOD** (Noise International)
2	5	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
3	2	GUITAR MASTERS **Various** (Roadrunner)
4	8	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
5	7	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
6	6	FABULOUS DISASTER **Exodus** (Music For Nations)
7	4	THE FEAR **Acid Reign** (Under One Flag)
8	1	A HOLOCAUST IN YOUR HEAD **Extreme Noise Terror** (Head Eruption
9	17	LIVE WITHOUT SENSE **Destruction** (Noise International)
10	11	LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN **Poison** (Music For Nations)
11	12	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM/Revolver)
12	15	SURFING WITH THE ALIEN **Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought)
13	9	KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART II **Helloween** (Noise International)
14	13	BEATS FROM A SINGLE DRUM **Angry Anderson** (Food For Thought)
15	10	LIVE AT LEEDS (THE WHO?) **The Macc Lads** (FM/Revolver)
16	3	IN YOUR FACE **Shout** (Music For Nations)
17	19	MIRADOR **Magnum** (FM/Revolver)
18	re	LEAVE SCARS **Dark Angel** (Under One Flag)
19	18	NOT OF THIS EARTH **Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought)
20	20	NO SLEEP AT ALL **Motörhead** (GWR)

IMPORTS

1	4	THINGS YOU'VE NEVER DONE BEFORE **Roxx Gang** (Virgin)
2	–	LIVE INJECTION **Bang Tango** (Hurt)
3	1	TAKE A DEEP BREATH **Brighton Rock** (WEA)
4	3	MARCHELLO **Marchello** (CBS)
5	9	BULLETS & LIPSTIK **Pretty Boy Floyd** (Hanover)
6	5	LIVE AT CBGB's **Agnostic Front** (Relativity)
7	8	THE COOL **David Hallyday** (Scotti Bros)
8	–	DIRTY BLONDE **Dirty Blonde** (OUC)
9	–	BARNESTORMING **Jimmy Barnes** (Mushroom)
10	–	MEAN MACHINE **UDO** (RCA)

STAR CHOICE

LANCE 'KILLER' ROCKET (WRATHCHILD)
'AXE VICTIM' Be Bop Deluxe (EMI/Harvest)
'WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE' Alice Cooper (MCA)
'NEXT' Alex Harvey (Sahara)

HOVIS PRESLEY (LAST OF THE TEENAGE IDOLS)
'BASKING SHARK'S GENITALS' Billy Telford's Avalanche (Demo)
'THE TRIDENT MISSILE TEST' BBC News 22/3/89
'REBEL ROCK' Tommy Steele (Ditto)

MARTI (FELINE GROOVE)
'BILLY TWO RIVERS' Dogs D'Amour (China)
'ROCK 'N' ROLL SINGER' AC/DC (Atlantic)
'CRY ME A RIVER' Aerosmith (from 'Rock In A Hard Place' on CBS)

HELLOWEEN

LIVE IN THE U.K.

NEW ALBUM OUT NOW

A LITTLE TIME
DR STEIN
FUTURE WORLD
RISE AND FALL
WE GOT THE RIGHT
I WANT OUT
HOW MANY TEARS

OVER 40 MINUTES OF LIVE HELLOWEEN